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Malone
D. 2.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE
HANDY-VOLUME



SHAKSPEARE.



VOL. III.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.



BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO.,

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, *bastard brother to Don Pedro.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence,* } *friends of Don*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua,* } *Pedro.*
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *an attendant on Don Pedro.*
BORACHIO, } *followers of Don John.*
CONRADE, }
A Sexton.
DOGBERRY, } *two City Officers.*
VERGES, }
Friar FRANCIS.
A Boy, *attending on BENEDICK.*
- HERO, *daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero and*
URSULA, } *Beatrice.*

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE,—MESSINA.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in Messina.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with*
a Messenger.

Leon.



LEARN in this letter, that don Pedro
of Arragon comes this night to Mes-
sina.

Mess. He is very near by this ; he
was not three leagues off when I left
him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in
this action ?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the
achiever brings home full numbers. I find
here that don Pedro hath bestowed much
honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally
remembered by don Pedro : he hath borne him-
self beyond the promise of his age ; doing, in

the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears ?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness : there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping !

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no ?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady ; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight : and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it : he's a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady !—But what is he to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed : he is no less than a stuffed man : but for the stuffing,—well, *we are all mortal.*

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece : there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her : they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas ! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one : so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No : an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord ! he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others,
DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.*

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace ; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady ! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick ; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart : for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women ; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that ; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind ! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue ; and so good a continuer : but keep your way, o' God's name ; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick ; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all : Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month ;

and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer : I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—[*To DON JOHN.*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not: but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her: that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good

hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord : *it is not so, nor 'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.*

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her ; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks : but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love : prove that ever

I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not : the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither : ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience ; and so I leave you.

[*Exit BENEDICK.*]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach ; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero ; she's his only heir :

Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars—

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words :
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her, and with her father ;
And thou shalt have her : was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity ;
Look, what will serve is fit : 'tis once, thou lovest ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night ;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother ? Where is my
cousin, your son ? Hath he provided this music ?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother,
I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt
not of.

Leon. Are they good ?

Ant. As the event stamps them ; but they
have a good cover ; they show well outward.
The prince and count Claudio, walking in a
thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus
overheard by a man of mine : the prince dis-
covered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your
daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this
night in a dance ; and, if he found her accordant,
he meant to take the present time by the top,
and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself;—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on

no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty-room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way I bless myself every way: you are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued: 'would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leonato.

AS not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*: but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids*: so deliver I up my apes, and away to saint Peter: for the heavens! he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece [*to HERO*], I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman

to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so ?

Hero. When I like your favour ; for God defend the lute should be like the case !

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one ?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry, *Amen.*

Marg. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words ; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough ; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down ; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come ; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio : I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick ?

Claud. You know me well ; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamoured on Hero ; I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her ?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* DON JOHN and BORACHIO.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so ;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own
tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore,
Hero !

Re-enter BENEDICK

Bene. Count Claudio ?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me ?

Claud. Whither ?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you

wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so, I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed; it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy ; who being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression ? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too ; for the garland he might have worn himself ; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you ; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block : an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her ; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her : you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God

some scholar would conjure her ; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, *and* HERO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ; do you any embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy : you have no employment for me ?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not ; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while ; and I gave him use for it—a double heart for a single one : marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say *Amen* to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, *heigh-ho!* for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day: but, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you, for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that I was born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit BEATRICE.*]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till Love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so ; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him ; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that ?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue ?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone : tell them that you know that Hero loves me ; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match ; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial : offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me call Margaret, Hero ; hear Margaret term me Claudio ; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding ; for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent ; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK, and a Boy following.

Bene. Boy !

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book ; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that ;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love : and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour ; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier ; and now is he turned orthographer ; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not : I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair ; yet I am well : another is wise ; yet I am well : another virtuous ; yet I am well : but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha ! the prince and monsieur Love ! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—how still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that
he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [*Music.*

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul
ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts
should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a
horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. [to CLAUDIO.] Yea, marry.—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit BALTHAZAR.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. [aside to D. PEDRO.] O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.—[*Aloud.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither ; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [*aside.*] Is't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it ; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God ! *counterfeit !* There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she ?

Claud. [*aside.*] Bait the hook well ; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord ! She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you ? You amaze me : I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord ; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it ; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [*aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection ; hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick ?

Leon. No ; and swears she never will : that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter

says: *Shall I, says she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet.

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love 'tis very possible he'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am

sorry for your niece : shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible ; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well : and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk ? dinner is ready.

Claud. [*aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her : and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter ; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.]

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady ; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me ! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured : they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud :—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair ; 'tis a truth, I can bear them

witness : and virtuous—'tis so, I cannot reprove it ; and wise, but for loving me.—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit ;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage : but doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age : shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour ? No : the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady : I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me ; if it had been painful I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message ?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior ; fare you well. [*Exit.*


Bene. Ha ! *Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her I am a villain ; if I do not love her I am a Jew : I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero.

OOD Margaret, run thee to the parlour ;
There shalt thou find my cousin Bea-
trice

Proposing with the prince and Claudio :
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her ; say, that thou overheard'st us ;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter ;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it :—there will she
hide her,

To listen our propose : this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you,
presently. *[Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth
come,

As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick :
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit :
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice : of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin ;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentle-
man
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O God of love ! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw
man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward : if fair faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister ;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut :
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block mov'd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No ; not to be so odd, and from all
fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air ; O, she would laugh
me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks ;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to fight against his passion :
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with : one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy ; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam ?

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow : come, go
in ;
I'll show thee some attires ; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [*aside.*] She's ta'en, I warrant you ; we
have caught her, madam.

Hero. [*aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes
by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be
true ?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so
much ?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !
No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee ;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band :
For others say thou dost deserve ; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth ; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him : he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I ; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant ; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love : if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [to CLAUDIO.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow ?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not ; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well ; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage : surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed !

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter ?

D. John. I came hither to tell you : and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who ? Hero ?

D. John. Even she ; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal ?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say she were worse ; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant : go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered ; even the night before her wedding-day ; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so ?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know : if you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned !

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting !

D. John. O plague right well prevented !
So will you say when you have seen the sequel.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true ?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable ?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal : God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have ; I knew it would be your

answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge : You shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if a will not stand ?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects :—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only, have a care that your bills be not stolen :—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not ?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ;

and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying : for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person ; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, a cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing : for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good

night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch*. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. [*aside.*] Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain: and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed: thou

knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*aside.*] I know that *Deformed*; a has been a vile thief this seven year; a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club.

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou has shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero ?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged ; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable : we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them ; I know him, a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak ; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit URSULA.]

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good ; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another ; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the 'new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner : and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours : cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver ; set with pearls down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a blueish tinsel : but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy !

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

Marg. Of what, lady ? of speaking honourably ? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ? Is not your lord honourable without marriage ?

I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband*: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in,—*the heavier for a husband*? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my lady Beatrice else,—here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *light o' love*, with your heels;—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me ! God help me ! how long have you professed apprehension ?

Marg. Ever since you left it : doth not my wit become me rarely ?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart ; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus !* why *Benedictus* ? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral ! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning ; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love : nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list ; nor I list not to think what I can ; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love : yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man : he swore he would never marry ; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging : and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw ; the prince, the count, signior *Benedick*, don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com* : only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *[Excunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and Attendants.

Leon.

COME, friar Francis, be brief ; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady ?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her : friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count ?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero ?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count ?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do ! not knowing what they do !

Bene. How now ! Interjections ? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ha ! ha ! he !

Claud. Stand thee by, friar :—Father, by your leave ;

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter ?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back,
whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again ;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend ;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour :
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here :
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue ? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows ? But she is none :
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed :
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord ?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approvèd wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have
known her, ~
You'll say, she did embrace me as her husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin :
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large ;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on the seeming ! I will write
against it,
You seem to me as Dian in her orb ;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so
wide ?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you ?

D. Pedro. What should I speak ?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken ? or do I but
dream ?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these
things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True ? O God !

Claud. Leonato, stand I here ?
Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?
Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

Leon. All this is so : but what of this, my lord ?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your
daughter ;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—
Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point
for me ?

[HERO swoons.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin ? wherefore sink
you down ?

D. John. Come, let us go : these things, come
thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO.

Bene. How doth the lady ?

Beat. Dead, I think ;—help, uncle ;—
Hero ! why, Hero !—Uncle !—Signior Benedick !
—friar !

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand !
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero ?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up ?

Friar. Yea ; wherefore should she not ?

Leon. Wherefore ? Why, doth not every
earthly thing

Cry shame upon her ? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood ?
Do not live, Hero ; do not ope thine eyes :
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one ?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame ?
O, one too much by thee ! Why had I one ?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes ?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ;

Who, smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins ?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her ; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink ! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh !

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient :
For my part I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Beat. No, truly not ; although until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is
stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie ?
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ; let
her die.

Friar. Hear me a little ;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady ; I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be :
Thou see'st, that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused
of ?

Hero. They know that do accuse me ; I know
none :

If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in
the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
honour ;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not : if they speak but truth of
her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her
honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
 Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
 But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;
 Let her a while be secretly kept in,
 And publish it that she is dead indeed :
 Maintain a mourning ostentation ;
 And on your family's old monument
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
 That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this ? What will
 this do ?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her
 behalf
 Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accused,
 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused,
 Of every hearer : for it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we rack the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio :
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination ;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,

More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed :—then shall he
mourn,

(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accusèd her ;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise
you :

And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live ; this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and
endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her !

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship ?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it ?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you : is not that strange ?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing : —I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me ; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word ?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it : I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then God forgive me !

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour ; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha ! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny : farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here :—there is no love in you :—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy ?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman ?—O, that I were a man ! What ! bear her in hand until they come to take hands ; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice ;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window ?—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice ;—

Beat. Sweet Hero !—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties ! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly Count Confect ; a sweet gallant, surely ! O that I were a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake ! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it :—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving,

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: as you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down, Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God :—and write *God* first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains !—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah ; a word in your ear, sir ; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none ?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the efastest way.—Let the watch come forth :—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down, prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—*villain*.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else ?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination.

[*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, *coxcomb*. Come, bind them:—thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down, *an ass*! but, masters, remember, that I am *an ass*; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am *an ass*.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in

Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him.—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Antonio.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second
grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry, *sorrow wag*; and hem, when he should
groan;

Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man : for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words :
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and
blood ;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your-
self ;

Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I
will do so :

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio,
hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord !—well, fare you well, my lord :

Are you so hasty now ?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler, thou :—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword ;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear :
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me :

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,

That I am forced to lay my reverence by ;
And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors :
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany.

Claud. My villany !

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;

Despite his nice fence and his active practice,

His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast
kill'd my child ;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed ;

But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me :—

Come follow me, boy ; come sir boy, come
follow me :

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I loved
my niece ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains ;

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content : what, man ! I know
them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost
scruple :

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and
slander,

Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter ;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But, on my honour, she was charged with no-
thing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No ?

Come, brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see ; here comes the man we
went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior ! what news ?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior : you are almost
come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two
noses snapped off with two old men without
teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother : what
think'st thou ? Had we fought, I doubt we
should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true
valour : I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek
thee ; for we are high proof melancholy, and

would fain have it beaten away : wilt thou use thy wit ?

Bene. It is in my scabbard : shall I draw it ?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. —I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale :—art thou sick, or angry ?

Claud. What ! courage, man ! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me :—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff ; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more : I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear ?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge !

Bene. You are a villain ;—I jest not—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice ; you have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast ? a feast ?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him ; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. —Shall I not find a woodcock too ?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day : I said, thou hadst a fine wit ; *True*, says she, *a fine little one* : *No*, said I, *a great wit* ; *Right*, says she, *a great gross one* : *Nay*, said I, *a good wit* ; *Just*, said she, *it hurts nobody* : *Nay*, said I, *the gentleman is wise* ; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman* : *Nay*, said I, *he hath the tongues* ; *That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning ; there's a double tongue ; there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues ; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did ; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly : the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all ; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden*.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man* ?

Bene. Fare you well, boy ! you know my mind ; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour : you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies, I thank you : I must discontinue your company : your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina : you have,

among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet ; and till then peace be with him.

[Exit BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest ; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee ?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit !

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape : but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be ; pluck up, my heart, and be sad ! Did he not say my brother was fled ?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come, you, sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance : nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio one !

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord !

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have

done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence ?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover these shallow fools have brought to light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how don John your brother insensed me to slander the lady Hero ; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments ; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her : my villany they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame : the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your Blood ?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this ?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery :—

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero ! Now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter : and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am *an ass*.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes ;

That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him : which of these is he ?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou—thou—the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child ?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain ; thou beliest thyself ;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it :
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds ;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself ;

Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I ;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me too.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live:
That were impossible ; but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died : and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night :—
To-morrow morning come you to my house ;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us ;
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me !
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your
coming ;
To-night, I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not
under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me *ass* : I beseech you, let it
be remembered in his punishment. And also,
the watch heard them talk of one *Deformed* :

they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it ; and borrows money in God's name ; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake : pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation !

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship ; I wish your worship well ; God restore you to health : I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords ; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. [*to the Watch.*] Bring you these fellows on.—We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. *[Exit MARGARET.]*

Bene. And therefore will come.

[Singing.]

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus, the first employer of

panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love : marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried ; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme ; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme ; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings : no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee ?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now :—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit : but I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Beat. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not

admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. Suffer love ; a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think ; alas ! poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession : there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours : if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question ?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum : therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself :—so much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, how doth your cousin ?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you ?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend : there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder's old coil at home : it is proved, my lady

Hero hath been falsely accused ; the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone : will you come presently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies :
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies :
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night !

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out :

The wolves have prey'd : and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray :

Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar FRANCIS, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her,

Upon the error that you heard debated :

But Margaret was in some fault for this ;

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me :—you know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis
most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had
from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your
will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage ;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow,
Claudio;

We here attend you. Are you yet determined To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull :—

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you : here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar ;

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife :

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :
One Hero died defiled ; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify ;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name [*unmasking*];
what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why then your uncle, and the prince,
and Claudio.

Have been deceived ; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,

Are much deceived ; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well nigh
dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter :—then you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her :

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle; here's our own hands
against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee;
but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this
good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and,
partly, to save your life, for I was told you were
in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the
married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour.
Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram?
No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he
shall wear nothing handsome about him: in
brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think
nothing to any purpose that the world can say
against it; and therefore never flout at me for
what I have said against it; for man is a giddy
thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part,
Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in
that thou art like to be my kinsman, live un-
bruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled
thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double
dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if
my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to
thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends :—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word ; therefore, play music.—Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife ; there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow ; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[Dance. Exeunt.]



TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } *Lords attending on the Duke.*

CURIO,

Sir TOBY BELCH, *uncle to the Lady Olivia.*

Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *servants to Olivia.*

Clown,

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*A CITY in ILLYRIA, and the SEA-COAST
near it.*

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke.

IF music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again!—it had a dying
fall:

Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—

Enter VALENTINE.

How now ! what news from her ?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,

But from her handmaid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
fill'd—

Her sweet perfection—with one self king !—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with
bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd :—what think you, sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so, perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poor number saved with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea ;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,

So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,—

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,—

The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born,

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a month ago I went from hence ;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since : then leaving
her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died : for whose dear love
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously,)
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke ;
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him,

It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not
see !

Vio. I thank thee : lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to
take the death of her brother thus ? I am sure
care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come
in earlier o' nights ; your cousin, my lady, takes
great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. *Confine ?* I'll confine myself no finer
than I am : these clothes are good enough to
drink in, and so be these boots too ; an they be
not, let them hang themselves in their own
straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo
you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ; and
of a foolish knight that you brought in one night
here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who ? Sir Andrew Aguecheek ?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? *Castiliano-vulgo*; for here comes sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight : *accost*, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so ; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir ; I have them at my fingers' ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary : when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think ; unless you see canary put me down : methinks, some-

times I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. And what is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then had'st thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever

he be, under the degree of my betters ; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight ?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid ? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em ? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture ? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto ? My very walk should be a jig ; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean ? is it a world to hide virtues in ? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels ?

Sir To. What shall we do else ? were we not born under Taurus ?

Sir And. Taurus ? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir ; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper : ha ! higher : ha, ha !—excellent !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced ; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul; Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access; stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affair:—some four or five attend him;
 All, if you will; for I myself am best,
 When least in company:—prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
 To woo your lady: yet [*aside*] a barful strife!
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer; I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent; or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *[Exit.*

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—

Enter Lady OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink,—then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: anything that's mended, is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there

is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade thee take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll abide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes: and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no

more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home, what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby!—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you; I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

•

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so ; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he ?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loth to cast away my speech ; for, besides

that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian ?

Vio. No, my profound heart : and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house ?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned ; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates ; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir ? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber : I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage ; I hold the olive in my hand : my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you ? what would you ?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head : to your ears, divinity ; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone : we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text ?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text ?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom ? In what chapter of his bosom ?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it ; it is heresy. Have you no more to say ?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face ? you are now out of your text ; but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present : is't not well done ? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir ; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty : it shall be inventoried ; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will : as, *item*, two lips indifferent red ; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them ; *item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me ?

Vio. I see you what you are : you are too proud ;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you ; O, such love
Could be but recompensed though you were
crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of
fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot
love him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia*! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: what is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. What is your parentage?—
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—not too fast:—
soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio !—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not ; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ;
What is decreed, must be ;—and be this so !
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Antonio.

WILL you stay no longer ? nor will you
not that I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no : my stars
shine darkly over me ; the malignancy
of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours ;
therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I
may bear my evils alone : it were a bad recom-
pense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. *[Exit.]*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there :
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter VIOLA ; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia ?

Vio. Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir ; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him : and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me ;—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is, it should be so returned : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it.

[Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her : what means this lady ?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her !
She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.
I am the man !—If it be so (as 'tis),
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !
Alas ! our frailty is the cause, not we ;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge ? My master loves her dearly ;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me :
What will become of this ? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love ;
As I am woman, now,—alas the day !—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe !
O time, thou must untangle this, not I ;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Room in OLIVIA's House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes ; and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion ; I hate it as an unfilled can : to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say ; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say ! — a stoop of wine !

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter Clown.

Clo. How now, my hearts ? Did you never see the picture of *We three* ?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus ; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman : hadst it ?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity ; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock : my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent ; why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is sixpence for you : let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too : if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O stay and hear ; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith !

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty.
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true.
knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in
contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance
indeed ? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch
that will draw three souls out of one weaver ? shall
we do that ?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't : I am
dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch
well.

Sir And. Most certain : let our catch be *Thou
knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight ? I
shall be constrained in't to call thee *knave*,
night.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have con-
strained one to call me knave. Begin, fool ; it
begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith ! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here ! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians ; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous ? am I not of her blood ? Tilly-valley, lady ! [*Singing.*] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady !*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too ; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*singing.*] *O the twelfth day of December,—*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad ? or what are you ? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night ? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice ? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you ?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck-up !

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the

house ; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. [singing.] *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. [singing.] *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so ?

Sir To. [singing.] *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. [singing.] *Shall I bid him go ?*

Clo. [singing.] *What an if you do ?*

Sir To. [singing.] *Shall I bid him go, and spare not ?*

Clo. [singing.] *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o'tune, sir ? ye lie.—Art any more than a steward ? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne ; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria !

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule ; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight ; I'll write thee a challenge : or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed as he thinks with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *[Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now; come, knight; come, knight. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends :—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night ;

Methought, it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship,
that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it ?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord : a fool, that
the lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he
is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out :—and play the tune the while.

[Exit CURIO.—Music.]

Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.—How dost thou like this
tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly ;
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine
eye

Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves ;
Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; let still the woman take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas ; that they are so ;

To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—

Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it !
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing,
sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one
time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ;
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have
men of such constancy put to sea, that their busi-
ness might be every thing, and their intent every
where ; for that's it that always makes a good
voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*]

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas ! their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
owe :

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her
love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's
house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this
sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have
the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some
notable shame!

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he
brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a
bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear
again; and we will fool him black and blue:—
shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—

Enter MARIA.

How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah! rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown : having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping :—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. O, peace, peace !

Mal. And then to have the humour of state : and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby :—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while : and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; court'sies there to me :—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus,—quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control :—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then ?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech* :—

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight* ;—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life, that is my lady's hand: these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*; and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. [*reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] Jove knows, I love:

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*reads.*] I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What dish of poison has she dressed him !

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it !

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me : I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this ;—and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend ? If I could make that resemble something in me,—softly !—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O ay ! make up that :—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio ;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I* ;—this simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ; here follows prose.—
[Reads.] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my*

stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants : let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity : she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings : and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered : I say, remember. Go to ; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY. — Daylight and champain discovers not more : this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised !—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling ; thy smiles become thee well : therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank

thee.—I will smile ; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

Sir And. Or o' mine either ?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave ?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either ?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true ; does it work upon him ?

Sir To. Like *aqua-vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors ; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt : if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Viola.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one;—[*aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin.—Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you

would, are out of my welkin : I might say, element ; but the word is over-worn. *[Exit.]*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time ;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi : votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance :
—but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens
rain odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier ! *Rain odours !* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed :—*
I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir ! 'Twas never merry world,

Since lowly feigning was called compliment :
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours ;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf :—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;

I bade you never speak again of him :

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you : I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you ; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : what might you
think ?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of
your receiving

Enough is shown ; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise ; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile
again :

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf !

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho !

Grace, and good disposition, 'tend your ladyship ;
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you
are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. [*aside.*] O, what a deal of scorn looks
beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is
noon. —

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :—
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter ;—
Lovesought is good, but, given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps,
mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy
reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and

assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand ; be curst and brief ; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention ; taunt him with the license of ink : if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down ; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo* : go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad ; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him : but you'll not deliver it ?

Sir To. Never trust me then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh

yourselves into stitches, follow me : yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered ?

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer : he does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies : you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him ; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you ;

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ; And not all love to see you, (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts ; which, to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,

The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks ; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay ;
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night :
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me ;
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be
answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his
people ?

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody
nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them ; which, for traffic's
sake,

Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's
my purse ;

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your
knowledge
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have
me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb.

I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. [*aside.*] I have sent after him. He says
he'll come ;

How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very
strange manner ; he is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile :
your ladyship were best to have some guard
about you, if he come ; for, sure, the man is
tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit MARIA.*] I am
as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho! [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering. But what of that? if it please the eye
of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is:
Please one, and please all.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow
in my legs. It did come to his hands, and
commands shall be executed. I think, we do
know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come
to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee: why dost thou smile
so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales
answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous
boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—'twas well
writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,*—*let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,*—*put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the

habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her ; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to : fellow !* not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together ; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—what can be said ? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir ? how is't with you, man ?

Mal. Go off ; I discard you ; let me enjoy my private ; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! did not I tell you ?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

Sir To. Go to, go to ; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him ; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how is't with you ? What, man ! defy the devil : consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say ?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart ! Pray God, he be not bewitched !

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, an it shall be done to-morrow

morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord !

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace ; this is not the way : do you not see you move him ? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock ? how dost thou, chuck ?

Mal. Sir ?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man ! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan : hang him, foul collier !

Mar. Get him to say his prayers ; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx ?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow things : I am not of your element ; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible ?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now ; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark-room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad ; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime,

tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. —But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense —less.

Sir To. *I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, —*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't ; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew ; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie : so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw ; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less ; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour ; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece : give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out :
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not ; it hath no tongue to vex you :
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour, saved, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this ; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : fare thee well ;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end : dismount thy tuck, be yare in

thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil in private brawl ; souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre : hob, nob, is his word ; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour : belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury ; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked : for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is ; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[*Exit Sir TOBY.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.

Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion : stand here, make a good show on't ; this shall end without the perdition of souls :—[*aside.*] marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel ; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him ; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*to VIO.*] There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for his oath sake : marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow ; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside.*] Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you : he cannot by the duello avoid it ; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on : to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath.

[*They draw.*]

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. —If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me ;
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do
more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am
for you.

[*Draws.*

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold ; here come the
officers.

Sir To. [*to* ANTONIO.] I'll be with you
anon.

Vio. [*to* Sir ANDREW.] Pray, sir, put your
sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir ;—and, for that I
promised you, I'll be as good as my word : he
will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter two Officers.

1 *Off.* This is the man ; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour
well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your
head.—

Take him away ; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes [*to* VIO.]
with seeking you ;—

But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.

What will you do ? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse : it grieves
me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that
money.

• *Vio.* What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present
trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not
much ;

I'll make division of my present with you :

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves !

2 *Off.* Come sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth
that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;

Relieved him with such sanctity of love,—

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us ? The time goes by ;
away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature
shame.—

In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

I Off. The man grows mad ; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself ; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, 'O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither,
Fabian ; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian ; I my brother
know

Yet living in my glass ; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother ; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
For him I imitate : O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love !

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare : his dishonesty appears
in leaving his friend here in necessity, and deny-
ing him ; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, reli-
gious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat
him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;

Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—
These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again?
there's for you. [*Striking SEBASTIAN.*

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and
there:— [*Beating Sir ANDREW.*

Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger
o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would
not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

[*Holding SEBASTIAN.*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another
way to work with him; I'll have an action of
battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria:
though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for
that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go.
Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you
are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. [*Frees himself.*]
What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt
me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have
an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee,
hold.

Sir To. Madam ?

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of my sight !—

Be not offended, dear Cesario !—

Rudesby, be gone !

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*]

I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this : thou shalt not choose but
go ;

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this ? how runs the stream ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee : 'would thou'dst
be ruled by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and
this beard ; make him believe thou art sir Topas

the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those

gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy : sayest thou that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas ; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no darkness but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abused : I am no more mad than you are ; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well : remain thou still in darkness : thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas !

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown ; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him : I would we

were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were ; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. [singing.] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so ?*

Mal. Fool, I say ;—

Clo. *She loves another.*—Who calls, ha ?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper ; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio !

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits ?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well ? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say ; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. [*singing.*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.**Enter SEBASTIAN.*

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun :
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't :
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant :
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service :
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,—
Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her
followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does : there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you
mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by : there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth,—what do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:—and
 heavens so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine!


[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fabian.

OW, as thou lovest me, let me see his
 letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me
 another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense
 desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my
 good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the
 worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me ; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass : so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself ; and by my friends I am abused : so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me ; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double dealer ; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure ; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind ; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin

of covetousness : but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war :
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable ;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter ?

I Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from
Candy ;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me :

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed
out,

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall
become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to
do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me
this :

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief :

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguiled !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you
wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. [*to VIOLA.*] Come, away.

Oli. Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband,
stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety :
Fear not, Cesario ; take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

O, welcome, father !

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings ;
And all the ceremony of this compáct
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub ! what wilt
thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?
Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear ;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon ;
send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and
has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too : for
the love of God, your help : I had rather than
forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew ?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario :
we took him for a coward, but he's the very
devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario ?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is.—You
broke my head for nothing ; and that that I did,
I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you :

You drew your sword upon me without cause ;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me ; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby, halting ; you shall hear more : but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one ; h'as hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago ; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin ; I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him : who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt CLOWD, FABIAN, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you ;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons ;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not !

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee !

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have de-
avour'd :—

[*To VIOLA.*] Of charity, what kin are you to me ?
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too :
So went he suited to his watery tomb :
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed :
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow,—

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !

He finished, indeed, his mortal act,

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,

That I am Viola : which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help

I was preserved, to serve this noble count :

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*to OLIVIA.*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid ;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck :

[*To VIOLA.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear ;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

Duke.

Give me thy hand ;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
 Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,
 Is now in durance ; at Malvolio's suit,
 A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him :—fetch Malvolio
 hither :
 And yet, alas, now I remember me,
 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter; and FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
 From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
 How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
 stave's end, as well as a man in his case may
 do : h'as here writ a letter to you ; I should have
 given't you to-day morning, but as a madman's
 epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when
 they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the
 fool delivers the madman : [reads.] *By the Lord,*
madam.—

Oli. How now ! art thou mad ?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an
 your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
 must allow *vax*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna ; but to read his right
 wits, is to read thus : therefore perpend, my
 princess, and give ear.

Oli. [to FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
 and the world shall know it : though you have put me
 into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over

me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this ?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring him hither. [Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

[To VIOLA.] Your master quits you, and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand ; you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister ?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman ?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same :

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio ? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter :

You must not now deny it is your hand, —
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase ;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, not your invention :
You can say none of this : well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour ;

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you ;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter people :
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character :
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad ; thou cam'st in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content :
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee :

But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not.
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him : Maria writ
 The letter, at sir Toby's great importance ;
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee !

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude ; one sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one :—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad ;*—But do you remember ? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he's gagged :* and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :
 He hath not told us of the captain yet ;
 When that is known, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come ;
 For so you shall be while you are a man ;
 But, when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. *[Exit.]*

**LOVE'S LABOUR'S
LOST.**

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } *Lords attending on the King.*

DUMAIN,

BOYET,

MERCADE, } *Lords attending on the Princess of France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Sir NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

A Forester.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } *Ladies attending on the Princess.*

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Officers and others, attendant on the King and Princess.

SCENE,—NAVARRE.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.




ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a palace
in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King.

ET fame, that all hunt after in their
lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen
tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of
death ;

When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen
edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors !—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;

Our court shall be a little Academe,
 Still and contemplative in living art.
 You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
 That are recorded in this schedule here :
 Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your
 names ;

That his own hand may strike his honour down,
 That violates the smallest branch herein :
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved : 'tis but a three years'
 fast ;

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
 The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
 With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, to live and study here three years.
 But there are other strict observances :
 As, not to see a woman in that term ;
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
 And, one day in a week to touch no food,
 And but one meal on every day beside ;
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :
 And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day ;)
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
Not to see ladies,—study,—fast,—not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;

I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study ? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense ?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid ;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid :

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,

Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,
 To seek the light of truth ; while truth the
 while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :
 Light, seeking light, doth light of light
 beguile :

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed.
 And give him light that it was blinded by.
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy
 looks ;

Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they
 are.

Too much to know is, to know nought but
 fame ;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against
 reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good
 proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow
 the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese
 are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am ; why should proud
summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study, now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out ; go home, Biron ;
adieu !

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to
stay with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say ;

Yet, confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day,—

Give me the paper,—let me read the same ;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee
from shame !

Biron. [*reads.*] Item, That no woman shall come
within a mile of my court—

Hath this been proclaimed ?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

[*Reads.*] —On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devised this penalty ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread
penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

[*Reads.*] Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court shall possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to
speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was
quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is over-shot ;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this
decree ;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years'
space :

For every man with his affects is born ;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name :

[*Subscribes.*]

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :

Suggestions are to others, as to me ;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :

One who the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be
our sport ;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person ?

Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for
I am his grace's tharborough : but I would see
his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
There's villany abroad ; this letter will tell you
more.

Cast. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touch-
ing me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven : God grant us patience !

Biron. To hear ? or forbear laughing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner ?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction : and God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*reads.*] Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so : but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace !

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight !

King. No words !

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon : it is yclept thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or see'st. But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me ?

King. —that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me ?

King. —that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me ?

King. —which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me !

King. —sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—
with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King. —with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, *Antony Dull* ; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For *Jaquenetta*, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel, neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's
hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle
scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir : for true it is,
I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is
a true girl ; and therefore, welcome the sour cup
of prosperity ! Affliction may one day smile
again, and until then, sit thee down, sorrow !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

Armado's House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of
great spirit grows melancholy ?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same
thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no ; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and
melancholy, my tender juvenal ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the
working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior ? why tough senior ?

Moth. Why tender juvenal ? why tender
juvenal ?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a con-
gruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young
days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ?
Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink :
and how easy it is to put years to the word
three, and study three years in two words, the
dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure.

Moth. [*aside.*] To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love :
and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I
in love with a base wench. If drawing my
sword against the humour of affection would
deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I
would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to
any French courtier for a new devised courtesy.
I think scorn to sigh ; methinks, I should out-
swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy : what great
men have been in love ?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules !—More authority,
dear boy, name more ; and, sweet my child, let
them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master ; he was a man of
good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the
town-gates on his back, like a porter : and he
was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson ! strong-jointed
Samson ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much
as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in
love, too—Who was Samson's love, my dear
Moth ?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the
two ; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir : and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers ; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir ; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me !

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty, and pathological.

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known ;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown :

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know ;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty

precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard ; she deserves well.

Moth. [*aside.*] To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—
Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave ; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see ?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words ; and, therefore, I will say nothing : I thank God, I have as little patience as another man ; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love : and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; love is a devil : there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted ; and he had an excellent strength : yet was Solomon so seduced ; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy ; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for

your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit*

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ACT II. ,

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Boyet.*

**N**OW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits;  
Consider who the king your father sends;

To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitaine; a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As Nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though  
but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
 Than you much willing to be counted wise  
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
 But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,  
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
 Till painful study shall out-wear three years,  
 No woman may approach his silent court :  
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,  
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,  
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
 As our best-moving fair solicitor :  
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,  
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,  
 Importunes personal conference with his grace.  
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,  
 Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.  
*[Exit.]*

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is  
 so.—

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

*1 Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man ?

*Mar.* I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast,  
 Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized  
 In Normandy, saw I this Longaville :  
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;  
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms ;  
 Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.  
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss  
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),  
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still  
wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike : is't  
so ?

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his humours  
know.

*Prin.* Such short-lived wits do wither as they  
grow.

Who are the rest ?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd  
youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved :  
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;  
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.  
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;  
And much too little, of that good I saw,  
Is my report to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,  
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal :  
His eye begets occasion for his wit :  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies ! are they all in love,  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath  
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have  
learnt,

He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre. *[The ladies mask.*

*Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin. Fair* I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady,—I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were  
 wise,  
 Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.  
 I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping :  
 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
 And sin to break it :  
 But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold ;  
 To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.  
 Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,  
 And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[*Gives a paper.*]

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away ;  
 For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant  
 once ?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant  
 once ?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then to ask the  
 question !

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such  
 questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,  
 'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day ?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask !

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers !

*Biron.* And send you many lovers !

*Ros.* *Amen*, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
 The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;

Being but the one half of an entire sum,  
 Disbursèd by my father in his wars.  
 But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)  
 Received that sum ; yet there remains unpaid  
 A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,  
 One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
 Although not valued to the money's worth.  
 If then the king your father will restore  
 But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
 We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
 But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
 For here he doth demand to have repaid  
 A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,  
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
 To have his title live in Aquitain ;  
 Which we much rather had depart withal,  
 And have the money by our father lent,  
 Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.  
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
 And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much  
 wrong,  
 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 In so unseeming to confess receipt  
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it ;  
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
 Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word :—  
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances,  
 For such a sum, from special officers  
 Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound ;  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me : at which interview,  
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand  
As honour, without breach of honour, may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness :

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;  
But here without you shall be so received,  
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,  
Though so denied farther harbour in my house.  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :  
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort  
your grace !

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !  
[*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

*Ros.* 'Pray you, do my commendations ; I  
would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick ?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good ?

*Ros.* My physic says, ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye ?

*Ros.* No *poynt*, with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life !

*Ros.* And yours from long living !

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word : what lady is  
that same ?



*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.  
[*Exit.*]

*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit LONGAVILLE.*]

*Biron.* What's her name, in the cap?

*Boyet.* Katharine, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]

*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord;

Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?  
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your  
lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture : shall that  
finish the jest ?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast ;  
My lips are no common, though several they be.

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom ?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles,  
agree :

This civil war of wits were much better used  
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis  
abused.

*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom  
lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what ?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle,  
affected.

*Prin.* Your reason ?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their  
retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :  
His heart, like an agate, with your print im-  
press'd,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd :  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair :

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;

Who, tendering their own worth, from where  
 they were glass'd,  
 Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,  
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :  
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is disposed—

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his  
 eye hath disclosed :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st  
 skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns  
 news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother ; for  
 her father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What, then, do you see ?


*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.**Armado.*


ARBLE, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* [singing.] *Concolinel*—*Arm.* Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French?*Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O,—but O—

*Moth.* —the hobby-horse is forgot.

*Arm.* Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so :  
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun ?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric !  
He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's  
he :

I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump, then, and I flee.  
[*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal ; volable and free  
of grace !  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy  
face :

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master ; here's a Costard  
broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle : come,—  
thy *l'envoy* ;—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* ; no  
salve in them all, sir : O sir, plantain, a plain  
plantain ; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir,  
but a plantain !

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy  
silly thought, my spleen ; the heaving of my  
lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling : O  
pardon me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate  
take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for  
a salve ?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other ? is not  
*l'envoy* a salve ?

*Arm.* No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse,  
to make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been  
sain.

I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy* ; say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three :

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose ;  
would you desire more ?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,  
that's flat :—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose :

Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither : how did this argument begin ?

*Moth.* By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain : thus came your argument in ;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought.

And he ended the market.

*Arm.* But tell me ; how was there a Costard broken in a shin ?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* ; I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances ;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person ; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration [*giving him money*] ; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I.—Signor Costard, adieu.

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my inconvy Jew ! [*Exit MOTH.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle ? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—*Remuneration!*—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.



*Enter BIRON.*

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

*Biron.* Why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship: God be with you!

*Biron.* Stay, slave; I must employ thee:  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Biron.* This afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

*Biron.* Thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark,  
slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady;  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name  
her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon;  
go. *[Gives him money.]*

*Cost.* Gardon.—O sweet gardon! better than  
remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better:  
most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.  
—Gardon—remuneration. *[Exit.]*

*Biron.* And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have  
 been love's whip ;  
 A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;  
 A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;  
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent !  
 This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;  
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid :  
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,  
 Sole imperator, and great general  
 Of trotting paritors. O my little heart !—  
 And I to be a corporal of his field,  
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !  
 What ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !  
 A woman, that is like a German clock,  
 Still a-repairing ; ever out of frame ;  
 And never going aright, being a watch,  
 But being watch'd that it may still go right !  
 Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all ;  
 And, among three, to love the worst of all ;  
 A wightily wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;  
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard !  
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !  
 To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty dreadful little might. .  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan ;  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOVET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*Princess.*



AS that the king, that spurr'd his horse  
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyd.* I know not; but, I think, it  
was not he.

*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting  
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;  
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what! first praise me, and then  
again say no?

O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

*[Giving him money.]*  
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you in-  
herit.

*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days !

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow :—now mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward  
part,

We bend to that the working of the heart :

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no  
ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords ?

*Prin.* Only for praise : and praise we may  
afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter COSTARD.*

*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den all ! Pray you, which  
is the head lady ?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the  
rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ;  
truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my  
wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should  
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman ? you are the  
thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir ? what's your will ?

*Cost.* I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to  
one lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter ; he's a good  
friend of mine :

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve ;  
Break up this capon.

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ;  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear :

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give  
ear.

*Boyet.* [*reads.*] By heaven, that thou art fair is most  
infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth itself, that  
thou art lovely : more fairer than fair, beautiful than  
beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on  
thy heroical vassal ! The magnanimous and most illustre  
king *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and  
indubitate beggar *Zenelophon* ; and he it was that night  
rightly say *veni, vidi, vici* ; which to annothanize, in the  
vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar !) *videlicet*, he came,  
saw, and overcame : he came, one ; saw, two ; overcame,  
three. Who came ? the king ; why did he come ? to see ;  
why did he see ? to overcome : to whom came he ? to the  
beggar ; what saw he ? the beggar ; who overcame he ?  
the beggar : the conclusion is victory ; on whose side ?  
the king's : the captive is enrich'd ; on whose side ? the  
beggar's : the catastrophe is a nuptial ; on whose side ?  
the king's ?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am  
the king ; for so stands the comparison : thou the beggar ;  
for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy

love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will: what shalt thou exchange for rags? robes: for tittles, titles: for thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived but I remember the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS and Train.

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year mis-carry.

Finely put on!

*Ros.* Well, then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?

*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros.* [*singing.*]

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

*Boyet.* An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* ROS. and KATH.

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot ; for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark ! O, mark but that mark ! A mark, says my lady !

Let the mark have a prick in't to mete at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow hand ! I' faith your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir ; challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain ! a most simple clown !

Lord, lord ! how the ladies and I have put him down !

O' my troth, most sweet jests ! most incony vulgar wit !

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man !

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan !

To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly a' will swear !—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit !

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit !

Sola, sola !

[*Shouting within.*]

[*Exit COSTARD, running.*]



SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood ; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least ; but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo* ; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said the deer was not a *haud credo* ; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus* !—O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look !

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ; he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink : his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts ;

And such barren plants are set before us, that  
 we thankful should be  
 (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those  
 parts that do fructify in us more than he.  
 For as it would ill become me to be vain, indis-  
 creet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see  
 him in a school :

But, *omne bene*, say I ; being of an old father's  
 mind,

*Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men : can you tell  
 by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's  
 not five weeks old as yet ?

*Hol.* Dictynna, goodman Dull ; Dictynna,  
 goodman Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna ?

*Nath.* A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old, when Adam  
 was no more ;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to  
 five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed ; the collusion holds in  
 the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the  
 allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say the pollution holds in the  
 exchange ; for the moon is never but a month  
 old : and I say, beside, that 'twas a pricket that  
 the princess killed.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extem-  
 poral epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to  
 humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the  
 princess killed, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge* ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter ; for it argues facility.

The preylful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket ;

Some say a sore ; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell ; put I to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel ; the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores ; O sore L !

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

*Nath.* A rare talent !

*Dull.* [*aside.*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion : but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you ; and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction : if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : but, *vir sapiit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.

*Hol.* Master parson,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho; I beseech you, read it.

*Hol.* *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

— *Vinegia, Vinegia,  
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse;  
*Lege, domine.*

*Nath.*

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers  
bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend :

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;  
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire ;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful  
thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, oh, pardon love this wrong,  
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly  
tongue !

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent : let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso ; but for smelling out the odorous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? *Imitari* is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you ?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto :

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, *BIRON.*

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which,

accidentally, or by way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king ; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty ; adieu !

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life !

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.]

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith——

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses : did they please you, Sir Nathaniel ?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto* ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention : I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too : for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To DULL.*] Sir, I do invite you too ; you shall not say me nay : *pauca verba*. Away ; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.**Enter BIRON, with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer ; I am coursing myself : they have pitched a toil ; I am toiling in a pitch ; pitch that defiles ; defile ! a foul word. Well, *set thee down, sorrow !* for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit ! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax : it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep : well proved again o' my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love : and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already : the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper ; God give him grace to groan.

*[Gets up into a tree.**Enter the KING, with a paper.**King.* Ah me !

*Biron.* [*aside.*] Shot, by heaven !—Proceed, sweet Cupid ; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets.—

*King.* [*reads.*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,

As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :  
 Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright  
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light :  
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep ;  
 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,  
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe :  
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
 And they thy glory through my grief will show :  
 But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep  
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel !  
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—  
 How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the  
 paper ;  
 Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes  
 here ? *[Steps aside.*

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.*

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.

*Biron. [aside.]* Now, in thy likeness one  
 more fool appear !

*Long.* Ah me ! I am forsworn.

*Biron. [aside.]* Why, he comes in like a  
 perjure, wearing papers.

*King. [aside.]* In love, I hope : sweet fellow-  
 ship in shame !

*Biron. [aside.]* One drunkard loves another  
 of the name.

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjured  
 so ?

*Biron. [aside.]* I could put thee in comfort ;  
 not by two, that I know :

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of  
 society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up sim-  
 plicity.



*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack power  
to move :

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !  
These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

*Biron. [aside.]* O, rhymes are guards on  
wanton Cupid's hose :

Disfigure not his slop.

*Long.* This same shall go.—

[*He reads the sonnet.*]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye  
( 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument )  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :

If broken then, it is no fault of mine,

If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise ?

*Biron. [aside.]* This is the liver vein, which  
makes flesh a deity ;

A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.  
God amend us, God amend ! we are much out  
o' the way.

*Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this?—Company!  
stay. [*Stepping aside.*]

*Biron. [aside.]* All hid, all hid, an old infant  
play :

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my  
wish ;

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

*Dum.* O most divine Kate !

*Biron.* [*aside.*] O most profane coxcomb!

*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder of a mortal  
eye!

*Biron.* [*aside.*] By earth, she is not ; corporal,  
there you lie.

*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber  
coted.

*Biron.* [*aside.*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

Biron. [*aside.*] Stoop, I say;  
Her shoulder is with child.

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* [*aside.*] Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine.

*Dum.* O that I had my wish !

*Long.* [*aside.*] And I had mine!

*King.* *aside.* And I mine too, good lord !

*Biron.* [*aside.*] Amen, so I had mine ! Is not that a good word ?

*Dum.* I would forget her ; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron, [*aside.*] A fever in your blood ! why,  
then incision  
Would let her out in saucers : sweet misprision !

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Biron.* [*aside.*] Once more I'll mark how love  
can vary wit.

*Dum.* On a day, (alack the day !)  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom, passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air :

Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;  
 Air, would I might triumph so !  
 But alack, my hand is sworn,  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee :  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send ; and something else more  
 plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.  
 O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,  
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note ;  
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long.* [*advancing.*] Dumain, thy love is far  
 from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society :  
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*King.* [*advancing.*] Come, sir, you blush ; as  
 his your case is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much :  
 You do not love Maria ; Longaville  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;  
 Nor never lay his wreathèd arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.  
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your  
 fashion ;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your  
passion :

Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;  
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :  
[*To LONG.*] You would for paradise break faith  
and troth ;

[*To DUMAIN.*] And Jove, for your love, would  
infringe an oath.

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear  
Faith so infringèd, which such zeal did swear ?  
How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit !  
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it !  
For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—  
[*Descends from the tree.*] Ah, good my liege, I  
pray thee, pardon me :

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to re-  
prove

These worms for loving, that art most in love ?  
Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears  
There is no certain princess that appears :  
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing ;  
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.  
But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,  
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershoot ?  
You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;  
But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed to a gnat !  
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—  
 A caudle, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.  
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:  
 I, that am honest: I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engag'd in;  
 I am betray'd, by keeping company  
 With men like you, men of inconstancy.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
 Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?

*King.* Soft; whither away so fast?  
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me  
 go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.* What present hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here?

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,  
 The treason, and you, go in peace away to-  
 gether.

*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be  
 read;

Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the  
 letter.*] Where hadst thou it?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*]

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead [*to COSTARD*], you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four:—

Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs; away.

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*]

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we are born;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty ?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;  
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I  
*Biron :*

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !  
Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;  
Where several worthies make one dignity ;  
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;  
She passes praise : then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !  
A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

*King.* O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the shroud of night ;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits  
of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,  
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,  
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;  
And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;  
For native blood is counted painting now ;  
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers  
black.

*Long.* And, since her time, are colliers counted  
bright.

*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion  
crack.

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark  
is light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in  
rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell  
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-  
day here.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much  
as she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.



*Long.* Look, here's thy love : my foot and  
her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*]

*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine  
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

*Dum.* O vile ! then as she goes, what upward  
lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

*King.* But what of this ? Are we not all in  
love ?

*Biron.* Nothing so sure ; and thereby all for-  
sworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron,  
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for  
this evil.

*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed ;  
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the  
devil.

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.* 'Tis more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :

Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman :—

Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;  
And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book :

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face ?

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive :

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean  
fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries ;  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;  
And study too, the causer of your vow :  
For where is any author in the world,  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?  
O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;  
And in that vow we have forsworn our books ;  
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
In leaden contemplation, have found out  
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?  
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;  
And therefore finding barren practisers,  
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :  
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immurèd in the brain ;  
But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind :  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :  
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :

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Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :  
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?  
 Subtle as sphynx ; as sweet, and musical,  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;  
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.  
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :  
 Then fools you were these women to forswear ;  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;  
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;  
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;  
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,  
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :  
 It is religion to be thus forsworn :  
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;  
 And who can sever love from charity ?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;  
 Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advised,  
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing ; lay these gloses by ;  
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

*King.* And win them too : therefore let us  
devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct  
them thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,  
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd  
no corn ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure :  
Light wenches may prove plagues to men for-  
sworn ;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Holofernes.*

**S** *ATIS quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir :  
your reasons at dinner have been sharp  
and sententious ; pleasant without scur-  
rility, witty without affection, audacious without  
impudency, learned without opinion, and strange

without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

*Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*]

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt;—d, e, b, t; not d, e, t:—he clépeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

*Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

*Hol. Bone?*—bone, for *benè*: Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

*Nath. Videsne quis venit?*

*Hol. Video et gaudeo.*

*Arm. [to MOTH.] Chirra!*

*Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

*Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.*

*Hol. Most military sir, salutation.*

*Moth.* [to COSTARD *aside.*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

*Cost.* O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words ! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus* : thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

*Moth.* Peace ! the peal begins.

*Arm.* [to HOL.] Monsieur, are you not lettered ?

*Moth.* Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the horn-book ;—

What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on his head ?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—  
You hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant ?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

*Moth.* The sheep : the other two concludes it ; o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit : snip, snap, quick, and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

*Moth.* Offered by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa* : a gig of a cuckold's horn !

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain ?

*Hol.* Or, *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day ; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well culled, chose ; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend :—for what is inward between us, let it pass :—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy :—I beseech thee, apparel thy head :—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too ;—but let that pass :—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus,

dally with my excrement, with my mustachio : but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable ; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass.—The very all of all is, —but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess ; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself ; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus ; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great ; the page, Hercules.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir, error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb : he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience ? he shall present Hercules in minority : his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose.



*Moth.* An excellent device ! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules ! now thou crushest the snake !* that is the way to make an offence gracious ; though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies ?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman !

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing ?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via*, goodman Dull ! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons !* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull ! To our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in :

A lady wall'd about with diamonds !

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

*Prin.* Nothing but this ? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ on both sides of the leaf, margent and all ;  
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his godhead wax ;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd your sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;

And so she died : had she been light, like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might have been a grandam ere she died :  
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff ;

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do ; you do it still i' the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason ; for, *Past cure is still past care.*

*Prin.* Well bandied both ; a set of wit well  
play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :  
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

*Ros.* I would, you knew :  
An if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My favour were as great ; be witness this.  
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :  
The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,  
I were the fairest goddess on the ground :  
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.  
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

*Prin.* Anything like ?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters ; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils, ho ! let me not die your  
debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter :  
O that your face were not so full of O's !

*Kath.* A pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all  
shrows !

*Prin.* But, Katharine, what was sent to you  
from fair Dumain ?

*Kath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain ?

*Kath.* Yes, madam ; and moreover,  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover ;  
A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent  
Longaville ;  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less : dost thou not wish in  
heart,  
The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week !

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes ;

And shape his service wholly to my hests ;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests !

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's her grace ?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet ?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare !—

Arm, wenches, arm ! encounters mounted are  
Against your peace : Love doth approach dis-  
guised,

Armed in arguments ; you'll be surprised :  
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Denis to Saint Cupid ! What  
are they,  
That charge their breath against us ? say, scout,  
say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ;  
When, lo ! to interrupt my purposed rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address'd  
The king and his companions : warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear ;  
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage :  
Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;  
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear ;*  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Presence majestical would put him out ;  
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see ;*  
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*  
The boy replied, *An angel is not evil ;*  
*I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.*  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the  
shoulder ;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and fleer'd, and  
swore,

A better speech was never spoke before :  
Another with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried, *Via, we will do't, come what will come :*

The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well* ;  
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
 That in this spleen ridiculous, appears,  
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit  
 us ?

*Boyet.* They do, they do ; and are apparell'd  
 thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.  
 Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :  
 And every one his love-feat will advance  
 Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know  
 By favours several, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so ? the gallants shall be  
 task'd :—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;  
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.  
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,  
 And then the king will court thee for his dear ;  
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me  
 thine ;

So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—  
 And change your favours too ; so shall your loves  
 Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then ; wear the favours most  
 in sight.

*Kath.* But, in this changing, what is your  
 intent ?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :  
 They do it but in mocking merriment ;  
 And mock for mock is only my intent.  
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
 To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,

Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No; to the death we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:  
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport as sport by sport o'er-  
thrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come.

[*The ladies mask*

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.*

*Moth.* All hail the richest beauties on the earth!

*Biron.* [*aside.*] Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

*Biron.* Their eyes, villain, their eyes!

*Moth.* That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

*Boyet.* True; out, indeed.

*Moth.* Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,  
vouchsafe

Not to behold—

*Biron.* Once to behold, rogue.

*Moth.* Once to behold with your sun-beamed  
eyes,

With your sun-beamed eyes—

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet,  
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings  
me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? begone, you  
rogue!

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their  
minds, Boyet:—

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visita-  
tion.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so  
be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be  
gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measured many  
miles,

To tread a measure with her on the grass.

*Boyet.* They say that they have measured many  
a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so: ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.



*Boyet.* If, to come hither, you have measured miles,  
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you ;  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine  
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one change :  
Thou bidd'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, music, then : nay, you must do it soon. *[Music plays.]*  
Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance ? How come you thus estranged ?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full ; but now she's changed.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here  
by chance,

We'll not be nice : take hands ;—we will not  
dance.

*King.* Why take we hands then ?

*Ros.* Only to part friends :—

Curtsy, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure ; be not  
nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize you yourselves : what buys your  
company ?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought : and so  
adieu ;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more  
chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleased with that.

*[They converse apart.]*

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet  
word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is  
three.

*Biron.* Nay, then, two treys (an if you grow  
so nice),

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice !  
There's half a dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall? bitter.

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change  
a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you so! Fair lord,—

Take you that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a  
tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Kath.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I  
long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your  
mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman:—is not  
veal a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these  
sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do  
grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Kath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Boyd.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;  
Above the sense of sense : so sensible  
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,  
swifter things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids ; break off, break off.

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches ; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt KING, Lords, MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.*]

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites. —

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at ?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

*Ros.* Well-liking wits they have ; gross, gross ; fat, fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !  
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces ?  
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O ! they were all in lamentable cases !  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword :

No *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was  
mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his  
heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-  
caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Biron hath plighted faith to  
me.

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service  
born.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on  
tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give  
ear:

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows,  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with  
blows:

Therefore, change favours; and, when they  
repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be  
understood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their  
bud:

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture  
shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguised : \*

Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;  
And wonder what they were ; and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw : the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., and MARIA.]

*Enter the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,  
*in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you ! Where is the princess ?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent : please it your majesty

Command me any service to her thither ?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,

And utters it again when Jove doth please :

He is wit's pedler ; and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs ;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :  
 He can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he,  
 That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;  
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
 In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing  
 A mean most meanly ; and, in ushering,  
 Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;  
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :  
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
 To show his teeth as white as whale's bone :  
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my  
 heart,  
 That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Biron.* See where it comes !— Behaviour,  
 what wert thou,  
 Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou  
 now ?

*Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET ; ROSALINE,  
 MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time  
 of day !

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you  
 may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you  
 leave.

*King.* We came to visit you ; and purpose  
 now

To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me ; and so hold  
 your vow :  
 Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you  
provoke ;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue : vice you should  
have spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have lived in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant  
game ;

A mess of Russlans left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam ? Russians ?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true :—it is not so, my  
lord ;

My lady, (to the manner of the days,)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit ; here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have  
drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle-  
sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we  
greet



With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,  
 By light we lose light : your capacity  
 Is of that nature, that to your huge store  
 Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich, for in  
 my eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you  
 belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine ?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it that you  
 wore ?

*Biron.* Where ? when ? what visor ? why de-  
 mand you this ?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor ; that super-  
 fluous case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried : they'll mock us now  
 downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amazed, my lord ? Why looks your  
 highness sad ?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows ! he'll swoon !  
 Why look you pale ?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for  
 perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me :

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a  
 flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,  
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.  
 O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
 Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue ;  
 Nor never come in visor to my friend ;  
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's  
 song :

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,  
 Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
 Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies  
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :  
 I do forswear them : and I here protest,  
 By this white glove, (how white the hand,  
 God knows !)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :  
 And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—  
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* *Sans SANS*, I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick  
 Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;  
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—  
 Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three ;  
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies :  
 They have the plague, and caught it of your  
 eyes :

These lords are visited ; you are not free,  
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these  
 tokens to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo  
 us.

*Ros.* It is not so. For how can this be true,  
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

*Biron.* Peace ; for I will not have to do with  
 you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguised?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advised?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear;  
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will : and therefore keep it :— Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear!

*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight : and did value me  
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam ? by my life,  
my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By heaven you did ; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did  
give ;

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she  
wear ;

And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear :—

What ; will you have me, or your pearl again ?

*Biron.* Neither of either ; I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't ;—here was a consent,

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy :

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight  
zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some  
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years ; and knows the  
trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's disposed,—

Told our intents before : which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favours ; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn : in will, and error.

Much upon this it is :—[*to BOYET.*] and might  
not you,

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?

You put our page out : go, you are allow'd ;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.*

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ; I have done.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three ?

*Cost.* No, sir ; but it is vara fine, For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, sir ; under correction, sir ; I hope, it is not so : You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir ; we know what we know ; I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it ?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount : for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to pursent one man, e'en one poor man ; Pompion the great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies ?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the great : for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy ; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir ; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

*King.* Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord : and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now :

That sport best pleases that doth least know how :  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,  
The form confounded makes most form in mirth ;  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers him a paper.*]

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God ?

*Biron.* Why ask you ?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch : for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too too vain ; too too vain. But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement ! [*Exit.*

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of

worthies : he presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceived : 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy :—

Abate throw at novum ; and the whole world again

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.*]

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*

*Enter COSTARD, armed, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,—*

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,—*

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the big,—*

*Dum.* *The great.*

*Cost.* It is great, sir :—*Pompey surnamed the great :*

*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :*

*And travelling along this coast, I here am come  
by chance ;*

*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass  
of France.*

*If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I  
had done.*

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth ; but, I hope, I  
was perfect :

*I made a little fault in great.*

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves  
the best Worthy.

*Enter NATHANIEL, armed, for Alexander.*

*Nath.* *When in the world I lived, I was the  
world's commander ;*

*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my con-  
quering might :*

*My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Ali-  
sander.*

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not ; for  
it stands too right.

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most  
tender-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd : proceed,  
good Alexander.

*Nath.* *When in the world I lived, I was the  
world's commander ;—*

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right ; you were so,  
Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,—

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away  
Alisander.

*Cost.* [*to NATH.*] O, sir, you have overthrown  
Alisander the conqueror ! You will be scraped



out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax : he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*]—There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd ! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth ; and a very good bowler : but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis ;—a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

[COSTARD *retires.*]

*Enter HOLOFERNES for Judas, and MOTH for Hercules.*

*Hol.* Great Hercules is presented by this imp,  
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed  
canus ;

*And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus :  
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority ;  
Ergo, I come with this apology.—  
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.*

[MOTH *retires.*]

*Judas, I am,—*

*Dum.* A Judas ?

*Hol.* Not Iscariot, sir,—

*Judas, I am, ycleped Maccabæus.*

*Dum.* Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor :—how art thou proved  
Judas ?

*Hol.* *Judas, I am,—*

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, sir ?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

*Biron.* Well followed : Judas was hang'd on an elder.

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this ?

*Boyet.* A cittern-head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

*Dum.* The carved-bone face on a flask.

*Biron.* St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now, forward ; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False ; we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-faced them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go. And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—  
Jud-as, away !

*Hol.* This is not generous ; not gentle ; not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas ; it grows dark, he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited !

*Enter ARMADO, armed, for Hector, with MOTH.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles ; here comes Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this Hector ?

*Dum.* I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No ; he is best indued in the small.

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces.

*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*  
*Gave Hector a gift,—*

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace !

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*  
*Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion :*

*A man so breathed that certain he would fight, yea,*  
*From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*

*I am that flower,—*

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ;  
sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried :  
when he breathed, he was a man—But I will  
forward with my device. [*To the PRINCESS.*]  
Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hear-  
ing.

[*BIRON whispers* COSTARD.

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector : we are much  
delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* [*aside.*] Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* [*aside.*] He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* This Hector far surmounted Han-  
nibal,—

COSTARD, *unarmed, comes forward.*

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is  
gone ; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou ?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,  
the poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the  
child brags in her belly already ; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among poten-  
tates ? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipped, for Ja-  
quenetta that is quick by him ; and hanged, for  
Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey !

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey !

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great  
Pompey ! Pompey the huge !

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved :—more Ates, more  
Ates ; stir them on ! stir them on !

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood  
in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man ; I'll slash ; I'll do it by the sword :—  
I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey !

*Moth.* [*whispering to ARM.*] Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ;  
I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't ?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's ; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

*Enter MERCADE.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam !

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade ;  
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring  
Is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so ; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away ; the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free  
breath : I have seen the day of wrong through

the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt* Worthies.]

*King.* How fares your majesty ?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare ; I'll away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so ; I do beseech you stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat,  
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,  
The liberal opposition of our spirits :  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath, your gentleness  
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord !  
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue :  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The éxtreme dart of time extremely  
forms

All causes to the purpose of his speed ;  
And often, at his very loose, decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate :  
And though the mourning brow of progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love  
The holy suit which fain it would convince ;  
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
From what it purposed ; since, to wail friends  
lost,

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable,  
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not ; my griefs are  
double.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ears  
of grief ;—

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time ;  
 Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty,  
     ladies,  
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
 Even to the opposèd end of our intents :  
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  
 As love is full of unbefitting strains ;  
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;  
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,  
 Full of stray shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
 To every varied object in his glance :  
 Which party-coated presence of loose love  
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
 Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,—  
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,  
 Suggested us to make : therefore, ladies,  
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,  
 By being once false, for ever to be true  
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :  
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have received your letters, full of  
     love ;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;  
 And, in our maiden council, rated them  
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
 As bombast, and as lining to the time ;  
 But more devout than this, in our respects,  
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves  
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more  
     than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in :  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,  
Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore this,—  
If for my love (as there is no such cause)  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :  
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;  
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning :  
If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;  
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut  
My woeful self up in a mourning house ;  
Raining the tears of lamentation  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;  
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love ? but what to  
me ?

A wife ?

*Kath.* A beard, fair health, and honesty ;  
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.



*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife!

*Kath.* Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and  
a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers  
say :

Come when the king doth to my lady come,  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till  
then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn  
again.

*Long.* What says Maria ?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end,  
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience ; but the time is  
long.

*Mar.* The liker you ; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady ? mistress, look on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there ;  
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,  
Before I saw you : and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ;  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit :  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,  
(Without the which I am not to be won,)  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to  
day

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?

It cannot be ; it is impossible :

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,

Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,

And I will have you, and that fault withal ;

But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth ? well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* [*to the KING.*] Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.

*King.* No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;

Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy

Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,

And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector ?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave : I am a votary ; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo ? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla ! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter : this, Ver, the Spring : the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

### SONG.

#### SPRING.

##### I.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo ;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !

##### II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo ;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !

WINTER.

III.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
     To-who;  
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And *Marian's* nose looks red and raw;  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
     To-who;  
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after  
 the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this  
 way.

[*Exeunt.*]



SHAKSPEARE.



# SHAKSPEARE.





THE  
*HANDY-VOLUME*



SHAKSPEARE.



VOL. IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.  
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  
A WINTER'S TALE.



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AS YOU LIKE IT.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending on the exiled Duke.*  
JAQUES, }

LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*

OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*  
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*  
DENNIS, }

Sir OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

CORIN, } *Shepherds.*  
SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

*The Representative of Hymen.*

ROSALIND, *daughter to the exiled Duke.*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

*Followers and Attendants on the two Dukes, Pages,  
Foresters, &c., &c.*

SCENE,—*First (and in ACT II. SC. 3) near OLIVER'S  
HOUSE; partly in the Usurper's COURT and partly  
in the FOREST OF ARDEN.*

# AS YOU LIKE IT.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orlando.*



S I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the

something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM retires.]

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir ! what make you here ?

*Orl.* Nothing : I am not taught to make anything.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir ?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them ? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir ?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well : here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir ?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother ; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me : the courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood,

were there twenty brothers betwixt us : I have as much of my father in me, as you ; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy !

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain ?

*Orl.* I am no villain : I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois ; he was my father ; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so ; thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* [*coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient ; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities : the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you : you shall have some part of your will : I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.



*Adam.* Is *old dog* my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. *[Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.]*

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. *[Exit DENNIS.]*—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles!—what's the news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke: and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of

her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live ?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England : they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke ?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in : therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal ; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into ; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it ; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornnest young fellow of France ; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural

brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father, perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of

a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cel.* No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter-off of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur le Beau.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Cel.* All the better ; we shall be the more marketable.—*Bon jour*, monsieur le Beau : what's the news ?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport ? Of what colour ?

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam ? How shall I answer you ?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;—

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, *Be it known unto all men by these presents*,—

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so

he served the second, and so the third : yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas !

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day ! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any, else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here : for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming : let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on ; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man ?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin ? are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege ; so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In



pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good monsieur le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so ; I'll not be by.

[*Duke goes apart.*]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them, with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler ?

*Orl.* No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years : you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place

which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you !

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you.

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

*Orl.* Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace ; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man !

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*]

*Ros.* O excellent young man !

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*CHARLES is thrown.—Shout.*]

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace ; I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles ?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away.

[*CHARLES is borne out.*]

What is thy name, young man ?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy :  
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed

Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth ;  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.*]

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son ;—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father loved sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind :  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventured.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him, and encourage him :  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved ;  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz ?

*Cel.* Ay :—fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say I thank you? My better  
 parts  
 Are all thrown down; and that which here  
 stands up  
 Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back. My pride fell with my  
 fortunes :  
 I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—  
 Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
 More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon  
 my tongue?  
 I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
 O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;  
 Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel  
 you  
 To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved  
 High commendation, true applause, and love;  
 Yet such is now the duke's condition,  
 That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
 The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,  
 More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me  
 this;—  
 Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
 That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by  
 manners;  
 But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:  
 The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
 To keep his daughter company ; whose loves  
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
 But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;  
 Grounded upon no other argument  
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
 And pity her for her good father's sake ;  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you : fare you  
 well !

[*Exit* LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;  
 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :—  
 But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid  
 have mercy !—not a word ?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be  
 cast away upon curs ; throw some of them at  
 me : come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up ;  
 when the one should be lamed with reasons, and  
 the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father ?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my father's child.  
 O, how full of briars is this working-day world !

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon

thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try ; if I could cry *hem*, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son ?

*Ros.* The duke my father loved his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,  
And get you from our court.

*Ros.*

Me, uncle ?

*Duke F.*

You, cousin :

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our public court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with  
me :

If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,  
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,  
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,  
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors ;  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself :  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a  
traitor :  
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's  
enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his  
dukedom ;  
So was I when your highness banish'd him :  
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your  
sake,  
Else had she with her father ranged along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay ;  
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;  
I was too young that time to value her ;

But now I know her : if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupl'd, and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her  
smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;  
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more  
virtuous,  
When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my  
liege ;  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool.—You, niece, provide  
yourself ;  
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou  
go ?  
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I  
am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin ;  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful ; know'st thou not the  
duke  
Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the  
love



Which teacheth me that thou and I am one :  
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?  
No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;  
The like do you ; so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man ?  
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand ; and (in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;  
As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee, when thou art a  
man ?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's  
own page,  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd ?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my  
state ;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cal.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with  
me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIRNS, and other Lords, in the  
dress of Foresters.*

*Duke S.*



OW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life  
more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not  
these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam:  
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say  
*This is no flattery,—these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.*



*Duke S.* But what said Jaques ?  
Did he not moralise this spectacle ?

*1 Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;  
*Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament*  
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much : then being there*  
alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;  
'Tis right, quoth he ; *thus misery doth part*  
*The flux of company* : anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him ; *Ay, quoth Jaques,*  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;*  
'Tis just the fashion : *wherefore do you look*  
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?*  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life : swearing, that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

*2 Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place ;  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*2 Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*I Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,  
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

*2 Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom  
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess's gentlewoman,  
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that  
gallant hither;  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;  
And let not search and inquisition quail  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before Oliver's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What! my young master!—O, my  
gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory  
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you  
here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love  
you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and  
valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bony priser of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before  
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—  
Yet not the son; I will not call him son—  
Of him I was about to call his father)—  
Hath heard your praises; and this night he  
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it: if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off:  
I overheard him and his practices.  
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou  
have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not  
here.

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce  
A thievish living on the common road ?

This I must do, or know not what to do :

Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so : I have five hundred  
crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown ;

Take that : and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant ;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood :

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility ;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man ; how well in thee  
appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed !

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;

And having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having : it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :  
But come thy ways, we'll go along together :  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here livèd I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
But at fourscore, it is too late a week :  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like  
a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs  
were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my  
man's apparel, and to cry like a woman : but I  
must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and  
hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat :  
therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go  
no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with  
you, than bear you : yet I should bear no cross,  
if I did bear you ; for, I think, you have no  
money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden : the more



fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here ; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

*Cor.* I partly guess ; for I have loved ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess ;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :

But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
(As sure I think did never man love so,)

How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then never love so heartily:  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved :

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not loved :

Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not loved : O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !  
[*Exit.*]

*Ras.* Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy  
wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine : I remember, when I

was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile : and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked : and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her ; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers ; but, as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove ! Jove ! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine ; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food ;  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla ; you clown !

*Ros.* Peace, fool ; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls ?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say :—

Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish for her sake, more than for mine  
own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her :  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze ;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality :  
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and  
pasture ?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but  
erewhile,  
That little cares for buying anything.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages : I like  
this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :  
Go with me ; if you like upon report,  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*

## SONG.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: come, more; another stanza; call you 'em stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree : —he hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company : I think of as many matters as he ; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

## SONG.

[*All together here.*]

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes :—

If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme ;  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that *ducdàme* ?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little : if this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat I will give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st cheerly : and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast ; For I can nowhere find him like a man.

*Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence ;

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres :—  
Go, seek him ; tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter JAQUES.*

*I Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company ?  
What ! you look merrily.

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool ;—a miserable world :—  
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.  
*Good morrow, fool,* quoth I : *No, sir,* quoth he,  
*Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :*  
And then he drew a dial from his poke ;  
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*  
*Thus we may see,* quoth he, *how the world wags :*  
*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;*  
*And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;*  
*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,*  
*And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,*  
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;  
And I did laugh, sans intermission,  
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !  
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this ?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool !—One that hath been a  
courtier ;

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,  
They have the gift to know it: and in his  
brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms :—O, that I were a fool !  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit:  
Provided, that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh : and why, sir, must they  
so ?

The *why* is plain as way to parish church :  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomized  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and  
through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou  
wouldst do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but  
good ?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding  
sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,



As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
 And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,  
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
 That can therein tax any private party?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
 What woman in the city do I name  
 When that I say, the city-woman bears  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
 Or what is he of basest function,  
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost,  
 (Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
 There then; how then? what then? Let me  
     see wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
 Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
 Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy  
     distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny  
     point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,  
And know some nurture. But, forbear, I say ;  
He dies that touches any of this fruit  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason,  
I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you :

I thought that all things had been savage here ;  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
If ever you have look'd on better days ;  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;  
If ever sat at any good man's feast ;  
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied ;  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :  
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better  
days ;  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;  
And sat at good men's feasts ; and wiped our  
eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take upon command what help we have,  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then, but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step  
 Limp'd in pure love; till he be first sufficed,—  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—  
 I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good  
 comfort!

[*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Thou see'st, we are not all alone un-  
 happy:

This wide and universal theatre  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits, and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
 Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier;  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the  
 justice

In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable  
burden,  
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need ;  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble  
you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—  
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

I.

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh hó ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly :  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :  
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !  
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot ;

Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remember'd not.  
 Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—  
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke  
 That loved your father. The residue of your  
 fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is;  
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke Frederick.*

**N**OT see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:  
 But were I not the better part made  
 mercy,

I should not seek an absent argument  
 Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;  
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living  
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more

To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,  
Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O, that your highness knew my heart in  
this !

I never loved my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well, push him  
out of doors ;

And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands :  
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my  
love :

And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,  
survey

With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;  
That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.

Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life,  
master Touchstone ?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it

is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life it is naught. In respect that it is solitary I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : that good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun : that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope,——

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned ; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court ? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone : those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you

salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands ; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly ; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes ; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat ? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man ? Shallow, shallow : a better instance, I say ; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again : a more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep ; and would you have us kiss tar ? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man ! Thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed ! Learn of the wise, and perpend : civet is of a baser birth than tar ; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me ; I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damned ? God help thee, shallow man ! God make incision in thee ! thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer ; I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm ; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you ; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of



cattle : to be bawd to a bell-wether ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures, fairest lined,  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind,  
But the fair of Rosalind.

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so, eight years together ;  
dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours expected : it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool !

*Touch.* For a taste :

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind.  
Winter-garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind,  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you infect yourself with them ?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool ; I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit in the country : for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* Peace !  
Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

*Cel.* Why should this a desert be ?  
For it is unpeopled ? No ;  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show.  
Some, how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage ;  
That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age.  
Some, of violated vows  
Twixt the souls of friend and friend :  
But upon the fairest boughs,  
Or at every sentence' end,  
Will I Rosalinda write ;  
Teaching all that read, to know  
The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in little show.  
Therefore Heaven Nature charged  
That one body should be fill'd  
With all graces wide enlarged :  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;  
Cleopatra's majesty ;  
Atalanta's better part ;  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devised ;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the touches dearest prized.  
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
 And I to live and die her slave.

*Ros.* O most gentle Jupiter ! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people !*

*Cel.* How now ! back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little : go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses ?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees ?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this ?

*Ros.* Is it a man ?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck : change you colour ?

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, who ?

*Cel.* O lord, lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it ?

*Cel.* Is it possible ?

*Ros.* Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.

*Ros.* Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it ? quickly, and speak apace : I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle ; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando ; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking ; speak sad brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando ?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ?—What did he when thou saw'st him ? What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein went he ? What makes he here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? and when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first : 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size : to say *ay*, and *no*, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel ? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled ?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover : but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla ! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee ; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

*Ros.* O ominous ! he comes to kill my hart !

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden : thou bringest me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out.—Soft ! comes he not here ?

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*

*Ros.* 'Tis he ; slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be with you ; let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of ?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ?

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself ; against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There shall I see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit JAQUES—CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*]

*Ros.* I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well; what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't a clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal ?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout : for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain : the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal ?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows : for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal ?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation : for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister ; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place ?

*Ros.* As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many : but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be



touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

*Ros.* There were none principal ; they were all like one another, as halfpence are : every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee recount some of them.

*Ros.* No ; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind* : if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks ?

*Ros.* A lean cheek ; which you have not : a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not : an unquestionable spirit ; which you have not : a beard neglected ; which you have not :—but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements,

as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for

him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you : and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go ?

[*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAKES at a distance, observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey ; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey : and how, Audrey ? am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

*Aud.* Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq. [aside.]* O knowledge ill-inhabited ! worse than Jove in a thatched house !

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. —Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what *poetical* is : is it honest in deed, and word ? is it a true thing ?

*Touch.* No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical ?

*Touch.* I do, truly : for thou swear'st to me thou art honest ; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest ?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured : for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq. [aside.]* A material fool !

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest !

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness ! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee : and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village ; who hath promised

to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq. [aside.]* I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy !

*Touch. Amen.* A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though ? Courage ! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, *many a man knows no end to his goods* : right ; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns ? Even so :—poor men alone ? No, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed ? No ; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor : and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.*

Here comes sir Oliver :—Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met : will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel ?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman ?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq. [discovering himself.]* Proceed, proceed ; I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good master *What ye call't* : how do you, sir ? You are very well met : God 'ild you for your last company : I am very

glad to see you :—even a toy in hand here, sir.  
—Nay ; pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley ?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar ? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* [*aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another : for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey : .

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—

Farewell, good master Oliver !—not,—

O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee :

but,—

Wind away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter ; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.  
Before a Cottage.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me ; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep ?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's : marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour : your chestnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so ?

*Cel.* Yes ; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love ?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in ; but, I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there's such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired

After the shepherd that complained of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:  
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not,  
Phebe :

Say, that you love me not ; but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes  
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon ; will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner ;  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye ;  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;  
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill  
thee ;

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;  
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in  
thee.

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it ; lean upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine  
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.*                                      O dear Phebe,  
If ever (as that *ever* may be near)  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of  
    fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.*                                      But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me : and, when that time  
    comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* [*advancing.*] And why, I pray you ?  
    Who might be your mother ?

That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched ? What though you have no  
    beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?  
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on  
    me ?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work :—Od's my little life !  
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too :—  
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow  
    her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ?  
You are a thousand times a properer man,  
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you

That make the world full of ill-favour'd children :  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your  
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets :  
Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer ;  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So, take her to thee, shepherd ;—fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year  
together ;

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness,  
and she'll fall in love with my anger : if it be so,  
as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,  
I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you  
so upon me ?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine :  
Besides, I like you not : if you will know my  
house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by :—  
Will you go, sister ? Shepherd, ply her hard ;  
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud : though all the world could  
see,

None could be so abused in sight as he.  
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of  
might ;

*Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ?*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius ?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be ;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermined.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness,  
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee ;  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love :  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and  
then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to  
me erewhile ?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft ;  
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,  
That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for  
him ;

'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well ;—  
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—  
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes  
him :

He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him  
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall  
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the  
difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd  
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me ?  
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair  
black ;

And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :  
I marvel why I answer'd not again :  
But that's all one : omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight :

The matter's in my head, and in my heart :  
I will be bitter with him, and passing short :  
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.**Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAUQUES.**Jaques.*

PR'YTHEE, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.*Jaq.* I am so: I do love it better than laughing.*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too !

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind !

*Jaq.* Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveller : look you lisp and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*Exit JAQUES.*]—Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love ? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight ; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail ?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman : besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that ?

*Ros.* Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me ; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind ?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us !) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied ?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress ?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress ; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit ?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind ?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.



*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—what do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, — *Will you, Orlando,*—

*Cel.* Go to :—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind ?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when ?

*Orl.* Why now ; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say, — *I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission ; but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband ; — there's a girl goes before the priest : and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando ; men are April when they woo, December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than an 'ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so ?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* *By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your*

promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful : therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : so, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try : adieu !

[*Exit* ORLANDO.]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love prate : we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded ; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness ; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love :—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.**Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?*1 Lord.* Sir, it was I.*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror ; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose ?*2 Lord.* Yes, sir.*Jaq.* Sing it ; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

## SONG.

*1.* What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*2.* His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

*[The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn ;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

*1.* Thy father's father wore it ;*2.* And thy father bore it ;

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. *[Exeunt.*SCENE III.—*The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.**Ros.* How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ? and here much Orlando !*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and

arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here ?

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth ;—  
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this :

*[Giving a letter.*

I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,  
By the stern brow, and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenor : pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this  
letter,  
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all :  
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;  
She calls me proud ; and, that she could not  
love me

Were man as rare as phoenix. Od's my will !  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.  
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd,  
well,

This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents ;  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her  
hands ;

She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter :  
I say, she never did invent this letter ;  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance :—will you hear the  
letter ?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet ;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant  
writes.

[*Reads.*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?—

Can a woman rail thus ?

*Sil.* Call you this railing ?

*Ros.* Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart

Did you ever hear such railing ?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect ?  
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;  
How then might your prayers move ?  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me :  
And by him seal up thy mind ;  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make ;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.

*Sil.* Call you this chiding ?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd !

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.]

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands  
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive trees?

*Cal.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:

But at this hour the house doth keep itself,  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself*

*Like a ripe sister: the woman low,  
And browner than her brother.* Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

*Cal.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we  
are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both;  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?



*Ros.* I am : what must we understand by this ?

*Oli.* Some of my shame ; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted  
from you,

He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befell ! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself !  
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd  
with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, ap-  
proach'd

The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush : under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like  
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast,  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead ;  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same  
brother ;

And he did render him the most unnatural  
That lived 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando ;—did he leave him  
there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and pur-  
posed so :

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling  
From miserable slumber I awaked.

*Cel.* Are you his brother ?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescued ?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill  
him ?

*Oli.* 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin ?—

*Oli.* By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,  
As, how I came into that desert place ;—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love ;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled ; and now he  
fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?  
[ROSALIND faints.]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man?  
—you lack a man's heart.

*Ras.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ras.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ras.* So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something : but, pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go ?  
[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT V.SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touchstone.

WE shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown : by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend ?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God!*—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. *So so* is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have: for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which *he*, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, aban-

don the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel : I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'errun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena ; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher ?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are :—nay, 'tis true : there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame* : for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked ; no sooner looked, but they loved ; no sooner loved, but they sighed ; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage : they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow ; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through

another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are ; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her : I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

Ros. By my life I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have : it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you :
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis
to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy ;
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. [to ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame
you me to love you ?

Sil. [to PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame
you me to love you ?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you ?

Ros. Who do you speak to, *why blame you me
to love you ?*

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon :—*[to SILVIUS.]* I will help you, if I can :—*[to PHEBE.]* I would love you, if I could :—To-morrow meet me all together :—*[to PHEBE.]* I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—*[to ORLANDO.]* I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow :—*[to SILVIUS.]* I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—*[To ORLANDO.]* As you love Rosalind, meet ;—*[to SILVIUS.]* as you love Phebe, meet ; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well ; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart : and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met : come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you : sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time

lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:—
[*To the DUKE.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [*to ORLANDO.*] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*to PHEBE.*] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [to SILVIUS.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

[*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*]

Jag. There is, sure, another flood toward,
and these couples are coming to the ark! Here
comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all
tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jag. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This
is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so

often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up ?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How, seventh cause ?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear ; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own ; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house ; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed ;—bear your body more seeming, Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send

me word, he cut it to please himself : this is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment : this is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true : this is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie : this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome* : and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut ?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct* : and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous ; the second, the Quip modest ; the third, the Reply churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*to DUKE S.*] To you I give myself, for
I am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*] To you I give myself, for I am
yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my
daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my
Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. [*to DUKE S.*] I'll have no father,^h if you
be not he :—

[*To ORLANDO.*] I'll have no husband, if you be
not he :—

[*To PHEBE.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be
not she.

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events :
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.]

You and you no cross shall part :

[To OLIVER and CELIA.]

You and you are heart in heart

[To PHEBE.]

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord :—

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.]

You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning ;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown ;
O blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
High wedlock then be honoured ;
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town !

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art
to me ;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [to SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word ;
now thou art mine,

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word,
or two ;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world :
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with
us,
Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry :—
Play, music ; and you brides and bridegrooms
all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ;—if I heard you
rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
[*To DUKE S.*] You to your former honour I
bequeath ;

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves
it :—

[To ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true
faith doth merit :—

[To OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and
great allies :—

[To SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deservèd
bed ;—

[To TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling ; for
thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd.—So to your
pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I :—what you would
have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin
these rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue : but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue : yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is, to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you : and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not : and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

PRINCE OF ARRAGON, *suitor to Portia.*

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *suitor to Portia.*

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *friend to Antonio.*

SOLANIO

SALARINO,

GRATIANO,

SALERIO,

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, friend to Shylock.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, servant to Shylock.*

Old GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*

LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHAZAR,

STEPHANO,

} *servants to Portia.*

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*

NERISSA, *waiting-maid to Portia.*

JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Partly at VENICE; and partly at BELMONT,
the Seat of PORTIA, on the Continent.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Antonio.

IN sooth, I know not why am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say it wearies
you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or
came by it,

What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,

The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the
wind;

Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me
sad?

But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune
for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie !

Salar. Not in love neither ? Then let us say,
you are sad

Because you are not merry : an 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper :
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of
smile,

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well ;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made
you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.**Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it; your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?
Say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [*Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.*]*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaun-
dice

By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, *I am sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.

Come, good Lorenzo:—fare ye well, a while ;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible. [*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty

To unburden all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me
know it ;

And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well : and herein spend
but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it : therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued

To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos'
strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio ! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are
at sea ;

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's
House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
miseries were in the same abundance as your
good fortunes are : and yet, for aught I see, they
are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that
starve with nothing. It is no small happiness,

therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them, and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth

nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself : I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown ; as who should say, *An you will not have me, choose ;* he hears merry tales, and smiles not : I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine : he is every man in no man : if a throstle sing he falls straight a capering ; he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands : if he would despise me I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

Por. You know I say nothing to him ; for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round

hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by

the manner of my father's will : I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat ?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think so was he called.

Ner. True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now ! what news ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave : and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco ; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another
knocks at the door.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy. Ho no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—*three thousand ducats*;—I think I may take his bond.*

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may

be assured I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity,

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe

If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store:

And, by the near guess of my memory

I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me. But soft: how many months

Do you desire?—[*To ANTONIO.*] Rest you fair,

good signior:

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom :—[*To BASS.*] Is he yet pos-
sess'd,

How much you would ?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot ;—three months, you told
me so.

Well then, your bond ; and, let me see. But
hear you :

Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's
sheep,

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

Shy. No, not take interest ; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the earlings which were streak'd and
pied

Should fall, as Jacob's hire ; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams :
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall particolour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob
served for ;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good
round sum.

Three months from twelve, then, let me see ;
the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to
you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys, and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to, then : you come to me, and you say,

Shylock, we would have moneys ; you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—

Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; ana for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys ?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary: seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship ;
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you. *[Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[Exeunt.

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## ACT II. -

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and his Train; PORTIA; NERISSA and others attending.*

*Prince of Morocco.*

**M**ISLIKE me not for my complexion,  
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd  
 sun,  
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near  
 bred.

Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
 And let us make incision for your love,  
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.  
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,  
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
 Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,  
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:  
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:  
 But, if my father had not scanted me,  
 And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself  
 His wife who wins me by that means I told you,  
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair  
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
 For my affection.

*Mor.*

Even for that I thank you;

Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince  
That won three fields of sultan Solymán,—  
I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear;  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !  
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance ;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose  
wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage ; therefore be advised.

*Mor.* Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my  
chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple ; after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then !  
[*Cornets.*

To make me bless'd, or curs'd'st among men.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.**Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; saying to me,—*Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:—*My conscience says,—*no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy heels.* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. *Via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—*for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not: budge,* says the fiend; *budge not,* says my conscience: *Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well:* to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly

counsel : I will run, fiend ; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you ; which is the way to master Jew's ?

*Laun.* [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father ! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not : I will try conclusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's ?

*Laun.* Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him, or no ?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master Launcelot ? —Mark me now—[*aside*]—now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young master Launcelot ?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son : his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot ?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your master-ship.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot ; talk not of master Launcelot, father ; for the young gentle-

man (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* [*aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got

more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, whelp I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now ?

*Laun.* Well, well ; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present ! give him a halter : I am 'famished in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come : give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune ! here comes the man ;—to him, father ; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so :—but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.]*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship !

*Bass.* Gramercy ! Wouldst thou aught with me ?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man ; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection; sir, as one would say, to serve,—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins :

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both :—what would you ?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit :

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir ; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well. Go, father,  
with thy son :—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire  
My lodging out :—[*to his Followers.*] give him  
a livery

More guarded than his fellows' : see it done.

*Laun.* Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well [*looking on his palm*]; if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune! Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; a'leven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;  
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,  
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where's your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit.*]

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;



Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice ;  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;  
But where they are not known, why, there they  
show

Something too liberal :—pray thee take pain  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild  
behaviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me :  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look de-  
murely ;

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say *amen* ;  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not  
gage me  
By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity ;  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ;  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in Shylock's House.**Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so ;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :  
But fare thee well : there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :  
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,  
And so farewell ; I would not have my father  
See me in talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.  
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If a  
Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I  
am much deceived. But, adieu ! these foolish  
drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit :  
adieu ! *[Exit.]*

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be ashamed to be my father's child !  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.**Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time ;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.

*Solan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd ;

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock ; we have two hours  
To furnish us.—

*Enter LAUNCELOT with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on  
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou ?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this :— tell gentle Jessica,  
I will not fail her ; speak it privately. [*Exit LAUN.*  
Go, gentlemen,  
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?  
I am provided of a torchbearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Solan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANO.*

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house ;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest :

Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before Shylock's House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :

What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—

And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out ;—

Why, Jessica, I say !

*Laun.* Why, Jessica !

*Shy.* Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Yes.* Call you ? What is your will ?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;  
There are my keys :—but wherefore should I go ?

I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :  
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
 The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,  
 Look to my house.—I am right loth to go ;  
 There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,  
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go ; my young  
 master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together,—I  
 will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you  
 do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell  
 a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock  
 i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-  
 Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What ! are there masques ? Hear you  
 me, Jessica :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the  
 drum,

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,  
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
 Nor thrust your head into the public street,  
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :  
 But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ;  
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
 My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,  
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :  
 But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;  
 Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir.—  
 Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,  
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.]

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring  
 ha ?

*Jes.* His words were, *Farewell, mistress*; nothing else.

*Sky.* The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,

Therefore I part with him; and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;  
Perhaps, I will return immediately;  
Do as I bid you,  
Shut doors after you: *Fast bind, fast find*;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

# SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which  
Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are  
wont

To keep obligèd faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker, or a prodigal,  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embracèd by the strumpet wind!  
How like a prodigal doth she return;  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo ;—more of this  
hereafter.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long  
abode :

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the thieves for  
wives,

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;  
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more cer-  
tainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;  
For who love I so much? and now who knows  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness  
that thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the  
pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love ;  
And I should be obscured.

*Lor.* So you are, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once ;

For the close night doth play the runaway,  
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight.  
[*Exit, from above.*]

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :

For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;

And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away ;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with JESSICA and SALARINO.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there ?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio ?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?  
'Tis nine o'clock : our friends all stay for you :



No masque to-night ; the wind is come about ;  
Bassanio presently will go aboard :  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight  
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and both their Trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince :—  
Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription  
bears :

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

The second, silver, which this promise carries :

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt :

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture,  
prince ;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment ! Let me  
see.

I will survey the inscriptions back again :  
What says this leaden casket :

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?  
This casket threatens : men that hazard all  
Do it in hope of fair advantages :  
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;  
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.  
What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,  
And weigh thy value with an even hand :  
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough  
May not extend so far as to the lady :  
And yet to be afeard of my deserving  
Were but a weak disabling of myself.  
As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :  
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;  
But more than these, in love I do deserve.  
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—  
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold :

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady : all the world desires her :  
From the four corners of the earth they come,  
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.  
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,  
For princes to come view fair Portia :  
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head  
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,  
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation  
To think so base a thought : it were too gross

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
 Or shall I think in silver she's immured,  
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?  
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in  
 England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;  
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lie  
 there,  
 Then I am yours.

*[He unlocks the golden casket.]*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?  
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,  
 Often have you heard that told:  
 Many a man his life hath sold  
 But my outside to behold:  
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
 Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:  
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:  
 Then, farewell heat; and welcome frost.—  
 Portia, adieu! I have too grieved a heart  
 To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

*[Exit, with his Train.]*

*Por.* A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains,  
 go;—  
 Let all of his complexion choose me so.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;  
With him is Gratiano gone along ;  
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Solan.* The villain Jew with outcries raised the  
duke ;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under  
sail :

But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica ;

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Solan.* I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :

*My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !*

*Fled with a Christian ?—O my Christian*

*ducats !—*

*Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !*

*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,*

*Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter !*

*And jewels ; two stones, two rich and precious  
stones,*

*Stolen by my daughter !—Justice ! find the girl !*

*She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !*

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying,—*his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.*

*Solan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.*

Marry, well remember'd :

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,  
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part  
The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country, richly fraught :  
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,  
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

*Solan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you  
hear ;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the  
earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :  
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
Of his return ; he answer'd—*Do not so,  
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time ;  
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in your mind of love :  
Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love  
As shall conveniently become you there :*  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
And with affection wondrous sensible  
He rung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

*Solan.* I think he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,  
And quicken his embracèd heaviness  
With some delight or other.

*Salar.*

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight ;  
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince ;  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized ;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me. Fortune  
now  
To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base  
lead.

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath :  
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire.—That many may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,  
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the  
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:

And well said too. For who shall go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume  
To wear an undeservèd dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear  
honour

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover that stand bare!  
How many be commanded that command!  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour! and how much  
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find  
there.

*Ar.* What's here ? the portrait of a blinking  
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule ! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia !

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings !

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?

Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
And of opposèd natures.

*Ar.* . . . . . What is here ?

[*Reads.*] The fire seven times tried this ;  
Seven times tried that judgment is  
That did never choose amiss :  
Some there be that shadows kiss ;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss :  
There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head :  
So begone ; you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here :

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON and Train.

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.



*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy ;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady ?

*Por.* Here ; what would my lord ?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord :  
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;  
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love :  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee ; I am half afraid,  
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.  
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be !

*[Exeunt.]*



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.**Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.**Solanio,*OW, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

*Solan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Solan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Solan.* Let me say *amen* betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Solan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged ; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damned for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel !

*Solan.* Out upon it, old carrion ! rebels it at these years ?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory ; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish :—but tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ? What's that good for ?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew

eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Solan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

*[Exeunt SOLANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.]*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand

ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ?—Why, so :—and I know not how much is spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge : nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs but o' my breathing ; no tears but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

*Tub.*—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God :—is it true ? is it true ?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal ;—good news, good news : ha ! ha !—Where ? in Genoa ?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats !

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me :—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it : I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise : I had it of Leah,

when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

*The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two, Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong I lose your company ; therefore, forbear a while : There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you ; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality : But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ; So will I never be : so may you miss me ; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me ; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours : O ! these naughty times

L 2

Put bars between the owners and their rights ;  
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,  
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.  
I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize the time ;  
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose ;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :  
There may as well be amity and life  
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak anything.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the  
truth.

*Por.* Well, then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,  
Had been the very sum of my confession :  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;  
If you do love me, you will find me out.  
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.  
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music : that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the  
stream,

And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;  
And what is music then ? then music is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
 With no less presence, but with much more love,  
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
 To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,  
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
 With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !  
 Live thou, I live.—With much, much more  
     dismay  
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets  
 to himself.*

### SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?  
     Reply, reply.  
 It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies :  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell ;  
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

*All.*

Ding, dong, bell.

*Bass.* So may the outward shows be least  
 themselves ;  
 The world is still deceived with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
 What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes



Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;  
And these assume but valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubted ! Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it :  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the  
wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The scull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore  
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian ; beauty, in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy  
gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre  
lead,

Which rather threatenest than dost promise  
aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

*Por. [aside.]* How all the other passions fleet  
to air,

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,  
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy !  
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy :  
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;

I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
For fear I surfeit !

*Bass.*

What find I here ?

*[Opening the leaden casket.]*

Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her  
hairs

The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them ? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this  
shadow

In underprising it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the  
scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true !  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleased with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave :

*[Kissing her]*

I come by note, to give and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;  
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am : though, for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself :  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich ;

That only to stand high in your account  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised :  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn ; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now converted : but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring ;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :  
And there is such confusion in my powers,

As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a belovèd prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude ;  
Where every something, being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this  
ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;  
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy ; good joy, my lord and lady !

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;  
For I am sure you can wish none from me :  
And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a  
wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship ; you have got  
me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;  
You loved, I loved for intermission ;  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :  
For wooing here, until I sweat again,  
And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achieved her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa ?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleasèd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?

*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel? What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither; If that the youth of my new interest here Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen, Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord; They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here; But meeting with Solanio by the way, He did entreat me, past all saying nay, To come with him along.

*Solan.* I did, my lord, And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope this letter, I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

*Solan.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind; Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

*Solan.* I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;  
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of anything  
That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart. When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told  
you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,  
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,  
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
The paper as the body of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?  
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Solan.* Not one, my lord.  
Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it. Never did I know  
A creature that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man:  
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state  
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him  
swear  
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is is your dear friend that is thus in  
trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest  
man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew ?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
First, go with me to church, and call me wife :  
And then away to Venice to your friend ;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over ;  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along :  
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer :  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [*reads.*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death ; notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

*Por.* O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste : but, till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy ;—

This is the fool that lends out money gratis ;—  
Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond ;

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond :  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause :  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;  
I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*

*Salar.* It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone ;  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me ;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Salar.* I am sure the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of  
law ;

For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state :  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :  
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.  
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's  
House.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and  
BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your  
presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the work,  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now : for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,

There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;  
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish cruelty !  
This comes too near the praising of myself ;  
Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
The husbandry and manage of my house,  
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,  
To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return :  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you  
Not to deny this imposition ;  
The which my love, and some necessity,  
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart,  
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend  
on you !

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well  
pleased

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest-true,  
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endeavour of a man  
In speed to Padua ; see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth  
give thee

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed  
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in  
words,

But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of : we'll see our hus-  
bands

Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us ?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutred like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;  
And speak, between the change of man and  
boy,

With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying they fell sick and died ;  
I could not do withal : then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd  
them :

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,

That men shall swear I have discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fie! what a question's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of  
the father are to be laid upon the children;  
therefore, I promise you I fear you. I was  
always plain with you, and so now I speak my  
agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good  
cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There  
is but one hope in it that can do you any good;  
and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your  
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's  
daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, in-  
deed; so the sins of my mother should be visited  
upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damned both  
by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,  
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother;  
well, you are gone both ways.

*Yes.* I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Yes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Yes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, too, sir : only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover, then, sir ?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning ; go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in ; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit.

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited !

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words ; and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion ;—  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife ?

*Jes.* Past all expressing. It is very meet,  
The lord Bassanio live an upright life ;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then  
In reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly  
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a  
stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other  
things  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,  
GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALERIO, and others.*

*Duke.*

**W**HAT, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee; thou art  
come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands ob-  
durate,



And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Saler.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my  
lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before  
our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought  
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more  
strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)  
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I  
purpose;  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
But, say, it is my humour. Is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,  
Master of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your  
answer.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Sky.* I am not bound to please thee with my  
answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not  
love?

*Sky.* Hates any man the thing he would not  
kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Sky.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting  
thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew,

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's  
harder ?)

His Jewish heart :—therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no further means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?

You have among you many a purchased slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?  
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours :—so do I answer you.  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine, and I will have it :

If you deny me, fie upon your law !  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :  
I stand for judgment : answer, shall I have it ?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this  
court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Saler.* My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters. Call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man !  
courage yet !  
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and  
all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you, from Padua, from Bellario ?

*Ner.* From both, my lord : Bellario greets  
your grace.

*[Presents a letter.]*

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so  
earnestly ?

*Sky.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt  
there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh  
Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen-  
ness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog !  
And for thy life let justice be accused.  
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human  
slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my  
bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :  
Repair thy wit, good youth ; or it will fall  
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court :—  
Where is he ?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart :—some three or four  
of you  
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of *Rome* ; his name is *Balthasar*. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the *Jew* and *Antonio* the merchant : we turned o'er many books together : he is furnished with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning (the

greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome : take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the court ?

*Por.* I am informed thoroughly of the cause. Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock ?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ; Yet in such rule that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

[*To ANTONIO.*] You stand within his danger, do you not ?

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond ?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ; It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant  
there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head ! I crave the  
law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money ?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the  
court ;

Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech  
you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority :  
To do a great right do a little wrong ;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit ;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful ;

Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is :

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shy.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man !



*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond;—doth it not, noble judge?—  
*Nearest his heart*, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here, to  
weigh the flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to  
death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you anything to  
say?

*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well pre-  
pared.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,  
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bas.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life ;  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks  
for that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom I protest I love ;  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* [*aside.*] These be the Christian husbands :  
I have a daughter ;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !—  
We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh  
is thine ;  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge !

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his  
breast ;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come,  
prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;  
The words expressly are, *a pound of flesh* :

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—O  
learned judge !

*Shy.* Is that the law ?

*Por.* Thyself shall see the act :  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

*Gra.* O learned judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a  
learned judge !

*Shy.* I take this offer then,—pay the bond  
thrice,

And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ;—no  
haste ;—

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned  
judge !

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the  
flesh.

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refused it in the open court;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why, then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court.

To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter ;

Two things provided more, — that for this favour,

He presently become a Christian ;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this ; or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew ; what dost thou say ?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you give me leave to go from hence :

I am not well ; send the deed attter me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening, thou shalt have two god-fathers ;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.  
I must away this night toward Padua ;  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied :  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid ;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further ;

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will  
yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your  
sake ;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :—  
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this ;  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this than on  
the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation ;  
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :  
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my  
wife ;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save  
their gifts.

And if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserved this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever,  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA]

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's command(e)ment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;  
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house :—away, make haste.

[*Exit GRATIANO*]

Come, you and I will thither presently ;  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont : come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him  
this deed,  
And let him sign it ; we'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home :  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en :  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,  
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be :  
His ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him : furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* [*to PORTIA.*] Sir, I would speak with  
you :—

[*Aside.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* [*aside to NERISSA.*] Thou mayst. I  
warrant we shall have old swearing,  
That they did give the rings away to men ;



But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.—  
Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will  
tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to  
this house ? *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *Pleasure-grounds of  
Portia's House.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lorenzo.*

**T**HE moon shines bright :—in such a night  
as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss  
the trees,

And they did make no noise,—in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Yes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Yes.* In such a night,  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;  
And with an unthrif love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well ;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body  
come :  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter STEPHANO.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the  
night ?

*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend ? what friend ? your name, I  
pray you, friend.

*Steph.* Stephano is my name ; and I bring  
word,

My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont ; she doth stray about  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her ?

*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, and her  
maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from  
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola !

*Lor.* Who calls ?

*Laun.* Sola ! Did you see master Lorenzo,  
and mistress Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man ; here.

*Laun.* Sola ! Where ? where ?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him there's a post come from my  
master, with his horn full of good news ; my  
master will be here ere morning. *[Exit.*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect  
their coming.

And yet no matter :—why should we go in ?  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand :  
And bring your music forth into the air.

*[Exit STEPHANO.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this  
bank !

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.  
There's not the smallest orb which thou be-  
hold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music. *[Music.*

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive :  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing  
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the  
poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature ;  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone we did not see  
the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less .  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by ; and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended ; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection !—  
Peace, ho !—the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awaked ! *[Music ceases.]*

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows  
the cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands  
welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd ?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet ;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa ;  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence ;  
Nor you, Lorenzo :—Jessica, nor you.

*[A trumpet sounds.]*

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand ; I hear his  
trumpet :  
We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.

It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be  
light ;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me ;  
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my  
lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam : give welcome to  
my friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound  
to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house :  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.]

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear you do me  
wrong ;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the  
matter ?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me ; whose posy was

For all the world, like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till the hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave:  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective, and have  
kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that  
had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a  
youth,—

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain  
with you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gra-  
tiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An't were to be, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* [*aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my  
left hand off,  
And swear, I lost the ring defending it.

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :  
And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord ?  
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring  
What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleased to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?  
Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my  
soul,



No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;  
Even he that had held up the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet  
lady?

I was enforced to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
My honour would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it: pardon me, good lady;  
For, by these blessed candles of the night,  
Had you been there, I think, you would have  
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my  
house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you;  
I'll not deny him anything I have,  
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:  
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like  
Argus;

If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well ad-  
vised,

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him  
then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these  
quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,—

*Por.* Mark you but that !  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :  
In each eye one :—swear by your double self,  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me :  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth ;  
Which, but for him that had your husband's  
ring,  
Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety. Give him  
this ;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep  
this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the  
doctor !

*Por.* I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of high-  
ways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :  
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved  
it ?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed :

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;  
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but e'en now return'd ; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;

And I have better news in store for you  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold ?

*Ner.* Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow ;

When I am absent then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living ;

For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo ?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starvèd people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so. The first inter'gatory,  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*



# A WINTER'S TALE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *son to Leontes.*

|                                               |   |                 |
|-----------------------------------------------|---|-----------------|
| CAMILLO,<br>ANTIGONUS,<br>CLEOMENES,<br>DION, | } | Sicilian Lords. |
|-----------------------------------------------|---|-----------------|

*Another Sicilian Lord.*

ROGERO, *a Sicilian gentleman.*

*An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.*

*Officers of a Court of Judicature.*

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *son to Polixenes.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

*Steward to Paulina.*

*A Mariner.*

*Gaoler.*

*An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.*

*Clown, son to the old Shepherd.*

AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*

*Time, as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*

|                        |   |                                |
|------------------------|---|--------------------------------|
| EMILIA,<br>Two Ladies, | } | <i>attending on the Queen.</i> |
|------------------------|---|--------------------------------|

|                   |   |                       |
|-------------------|---|-----------------------|
| MOPSA,<br>DORCAS, | } | <i>Shepherdesses.</i> |
|-------------------|---|-----------------------|

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance;  
 Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.*

SCENE,—*Sometimes in SICILIA; sometimes in  
 BOHEMIA.*

# A WINTER'S TALE.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in  
Leontes' Palace.*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Archidamus.*

**I**F you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves : for, indeed,—

*Cam.* 'Beseech you,—

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.



*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seemed to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a vast ; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !

*Arch.* I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamilius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : it is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh ; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die ?

*Cam.* Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watery star have been

The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden : time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile ;

And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence : that may blow  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
*This is put forth too truly!* Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then : and  
in that

I'll no gainsaying.

*Pol.* Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the  
world,

So soon as yours, could win me : so it should  
 now,  
 Were there necessity in your request, although  
 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
 Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder  
 Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,  
 To you a charge and trouble : to save both,  
 Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen ? 'speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my  
 peace, until  
 You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay.  
 You, sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure  
 All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction  
 The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,  
 He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell he longs to see his son, were  
 strong :  
 But let him say so then, and let him go ;  
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—  
 Yet of your royal presence [*to POLIXENES*] I'll  
 adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission  
 To let him there a month behind the gest  
 Prefix'd for's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes,  
 I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind  
 What lady-she her lord.—You'll stay ?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will ?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars  
with oaths,  
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,  
You shall not go ; a lady's *Verily* is  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How  
say you ?

My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread *Verily*,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest then, madam ;  
To be your prisoner should import offending ;  
Which is for me less easy to commit,  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your gaoler then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were  
boys ;

You were pretty lordings then ?

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two ?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk  
i' the sun,  
And bleat the one at the other : what we changed  
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did. Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.

*Her.* By this we gather,  
You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us : for  
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl ;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young playfellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot !  
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils : yet, go on ;  
The offences we have made you do we'll answer ;  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet ?

*Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request, he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never ?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What ? have I twice said well ? when  
was't before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram us with praise, and  
make us

As fat as tame things : one good deed dying  
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages : you may ride us,  
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ;—  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay ;  
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were Grace !  
But once before I spoke to the purpose : when ?  
Nay, let me have't ; I long.

*Leon.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever.*

*Her.* It is Grace, indeed.—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice ;

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;  
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.]

*Leon.* [*aside.*] Too hot, too hot :  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent : it may, I grant :  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are ; and making practised smiles,  
As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o' the deer ; O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy ?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I' fecks ?  
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd  
thy nose ?—

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

[*Observing* POLIXENES and HERMIONE.]

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf ?  
Art thou my calf ?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash, and the  
shoots that I have,  
To be full like me :—yet, they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,  
That will say anything : but were they false  
As o'er-dyed blacks, as winds, as waters ; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true  
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,  
Look on me with your welkin eye : sweet villain !  
Most dear'st ! my collop !—Can thy dam ?—  
may't be ?

Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre :  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicat'st with dreams ;—(How can this  
be ?)—

With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing : then, 'tis very credent,  
Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou  
dost ;

(And that beyond commission ; and I find it,)  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia ?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord !

What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?

*Her.* You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction :  
Are you moved, my lord ?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil

Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This quash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money ?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will ? why, happy man be his  
dole !—My brother,  
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours ?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :  
He makes a July's day short as December ;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire  
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's wel-  
come ;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :  
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden : shall's attend you  
there ?

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you : you'll  
be found,  
Be you beneath the sky :—[*aside.*] I am angling  
now,  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to ! [Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.]



How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband ! Gone already ;  
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd  
one. [*Exeunt POL., HER., and Attendants.*]

Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too ; but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There  
have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now ;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,  
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
That little thinks she has been sluiced in his  
absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort  
in't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates  
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's  
none ;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think  
it,

From east, west, north, and south : be it con-  
cluded,

No barricado for a belly ; know it ;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage : many a thousand of us  
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy !

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort.—  
What ! Camillo there ?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold :

When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leon.* Didst note it ?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions ; made.

His business more material.

*Leon.* Didst perceive it ?—

[*Aside.*] They're here with me already ; whispering, rounding,

*Sicilia is a—so-forth.* 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo, That he did stay ?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's, be't : good, should be pertinent :

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine ?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks :—not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures ? by some severals

Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind ? say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord ? I think, most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ha !

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why ?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.**Satisfy*

The entreaties of your mistress ?——*satisfy* ?—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils : wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleansed my bosom ; I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been  
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived  
In that which seems so.

*Cam.*

Be it forbid, my lord !

*Leon.* To bide upon't ;—thou art not honest :

or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;  
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining  
From course required : or else thou must be  
counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent : or else a fool,  
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake  
drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.*

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometimes puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly ; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty

Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me : let me know my trespass  
By its own visage : if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo,  
(But that's past doubt—you have ; or your eye-  
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard,  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think,)  
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,  
(Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,  
My wife's a hobbyhorse ; deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-plight : say't, and justify 't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken : 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin  
As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing ?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?  
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?  
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?  
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs  
only,

That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?  
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is  
nothing ;

The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;

My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these  
 nothings,  
 If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cured  
 Of this diseased opinion, and betimes ;  
 For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say, it be ; 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is ; you lie, you lie :  
 I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;  
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;  
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
 Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver  
 Infected as her life, she would not live  
 The running of one glass.

*Cam.* Who does infect her ?

*Leon.* Why, he that wears her like her medal,  
 hanging  
 About his neck, Bohemia : who—if I  
 Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
 Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that  
 Which should undo more doing : ay, and thou,  
 His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form  
 Have bench'd and rear'd to worship ; who mayst  
 see  
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees  
 heaven,  
 How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,  
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;  
 Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
 I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,  
 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
 Maliciously like poison : but I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.

I have loved thee,——

*Leon.* Make that thy question, and go rot !  
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve is sleep ; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son—  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine—  
Without ripe moving to't ?—Would I do this ?  
Could man so blench ?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir ;  
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't :  
Provided, that when he's removed, your highness  
Will take again your queen, as yours at first ;  
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for  
sealing

The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down :  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer ;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all :  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;  
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.

[*Exit.*

*Cam.* O miserable lady !—But, for me,  
 What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner  
 Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do't  
 Is the obedience to a master ; one,  
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
 All that are his so too.—To do this deed,  
 Promotion follows : if I could find example  
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since  
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not  
                   one,  
 Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
 Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain  
 To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !  
 Here comes Bohemia.

*Re-enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange ! methinks,  
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak !—  
 Good day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir !

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court ?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance  
 As he had lost some province, and a region  
 Loved as he loves himself : even now I met him  
 With customary compliment ; when he,  
 Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and  
 So leaves me, to consider what is breeding  
 That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How ! *dare not* ? do not ? Do you  
                   know, and dare not  
 Be intelligent to me ? 'Tis thereabouts ;  
 For, to yourself, what you do know you must ;

And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine changed too: for I must  
be

A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How! caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the  
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—  
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto  
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my  
knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the  
least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you;  
Since I am charged in honour, and by him



That I think honourable : therefore, mark my  
counsel ;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me  
Cry *lost*, and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo ?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what ?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he  
swears,

As he had seen't or been an instrument  
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his  
queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly ; and my name  
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best !  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard, or read !

*Cam.* Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven, and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly ; whose foundation  
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow ?

*Cam.* I know not : but, I am sure, 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—

That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business :  
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o' the city : for myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth : which, if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,  
thereon

His execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee ;  
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand :  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago.—This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,  
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent : and as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but  
nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns. Please your high-  
ness

To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *The Palace.**Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.**Hermione.*

**T**AKE the boy to you : he so troubles me  
'Tis past enduring.

*1 Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow ?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*1 Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me  
as if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

*2 Lady.* And why so, my lord ?

*Mam.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they  
say,

Become some women best ; so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*2 Lady.* Who taught you this ?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces :—  
pray now

What colour are your eyebrows ?

*1 Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a  
lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

*2 Lady.* Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,

One of these days : and then you'd wanton with  
us,

If we would have you.

*I Lady.* She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk : good time encounter her !

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you ?—

Come, sir, now

I am for you again : pray you, sit by us,

And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter.

I have one of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir,

Come on, sit down :—come on, and do your  
best

To fright me with your sprites : you're powerful  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man,—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a churchyard ;—I will tell it  
softly ;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then,

And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo  
with him ?

*I Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them ;  
never

Saw I men scour so on their way : I eyed them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How bless'd am I

In my just censure !—in my true opinion !—

Alack, for lesser knowledge !—How accursed

In being so bless'd !—There may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
 And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge  
 Is not infected : but if one present  
 The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his  
                   sides,  
 With violent hefts :—I have drunk, and seen the  
                   spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown ;  
 All's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,  
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :  
 He has discover'd my design, and I  
 Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick  
 For them to play at will :—how came the  
                   posterns  
 So easily open ?

*I Lord.* By his great authority ;  
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
 On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.—  
 Give me the boy ; I am glad you did not nurse  
                   him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
 Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this ? sport ?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence, he shall not come  
                   about her ;

Away with him :—and let her sport herself  
 With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes  
 Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say, he had not,  
 And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well ; be but about  
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
'Tis *pity she's not honest, honourable* :  
Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and  
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands  
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—  
That mercy does ; for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself : these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
When you have said *she's goodly*, come between,  
Ere you can say *she's honest* : but be't known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should  
be,

She's an adultress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,  
She's an adultress ; I have said, with whom :  
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is  
A federary with her ; and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself,  
But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.*

No, by my life,

Privy to none of this ! How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leon.* No ; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison :  
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
But that he speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns :  
I must be patient, till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have  
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown : 'beseech you all, my  
lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so  
The king's will be perform'd !

*Leon.* [*to the Guards.*] Shall I be heard ?

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me ?—'Beseech  
your highness,

My women may be with me ; for, you see,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;  
There is no cause : when you shall know your  
mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out ; this action I now go on  
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord ;  
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,  
I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have  
leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Ladies.]

*I Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your justice

Prove violence : in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

*I Lord.* For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her :  
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust  
her ;

For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

*I Lord.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :  
You are abused, and by some putter-on,  
That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the  
villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd—  
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine  
honour,

I'll geld them all : fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;



And I had rather glib myself than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.* Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose : but I do see't, and feel't,  
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal

*[Laying hold of his arm.*

The instruments that feel.

*Ant.* If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.* What ! lack I credit ?

*I Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my  
lord,

Upon this ground : and more it would content me  
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;  
Be blamed for't how you might.

*Leon.* Why, what need we

Commune with you of this ? but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this : which—if you (or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,  
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice : the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*Leon.* How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding.

Yet, for a greater confirmation  
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild), I have dispatch'd in  
post,

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

*I Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it  
good,

From our free person she should be confined;  
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this business  
Will raise us all.

*Ant. [aside.]* To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a  
Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him;  
*[Exit an Attendant.]*

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir.

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.*

You know me, do you not?

*Keep.* For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you, then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

*Keep.* I may not, madam; to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, pray  
you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

*Keep.* So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paul.* I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Keep.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter; and a goodly babe,

Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives  
Much comfort in't : says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

*Paul.*                                      I dare be sworn :—  
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king! be-  
shrew them !

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office  
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loudest. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.*                                      Most worthy madam,  
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your  
ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;  
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.*                                      Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.*                                      Now be you bless'd for it !  
I'll to the queen : please you, come something  
nearer.

*Keep.* Madam, if't please the queen to send  
the babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir :

This child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,  
By law and process of great Nature, thence  
Freed and enfranchised : not a party to  
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Keep.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear ; upon mine honour, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Leon.* Nor night nor day, no rest. It is but  
weakness

To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness, if  
The cause were not in being ;—part o' the cause,  
She, the adultriss ; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain, plot-proof : but she  
I can hook to me. Say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there ?

*I Attend. [advancing.]* My lord !

*Leon.* How does the boy ?

*I Attend.* He took good rest to-night ;  
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

*Leon.* To see his nobleness !  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother

He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—

go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Attendant.*—Fie, fie!  
no thought of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty:  
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh if I could reach them;  
nor

Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

*I Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second  
to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;  
More free than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That's enough.

*I Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;  
commanded

None should come at him.

*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir;  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;  
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,

About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How?—

Away with that audacious lady : Antigonus,  
I charged thee that she should not come about  
me ;

I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can : in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* La you now ; you hear !  
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seems yours,—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen !

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good queen : I  
say, good queen ;  
And would by combat make her good, so wert I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his  
eyes  
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;

But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;  
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

*[Laying down the Child.*

*Leon.*

Out !

A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :  
A most intelligencing bawd !

*Paul.*

Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
In so entitling me : and no less honest  
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leon.*

Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard—  
Thou dotard [*to ANTIGONUS*], thou art woman-  
tired, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;  
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.

*Paul.*

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't !

*Leon.*

He dreads his wife.

*Paul.* So I would you did ; then 'twere past  
all doubt

You'd call your children yours.

*Leon.*

A nest of traitors !

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.*

Nor I ; nor any,

But one, that's here ; and that's himself : for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and  
will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove



The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

*Leon.* A callat,  
Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her  
husband,  
And now baits me !—This brat is none of mine ;  
It is the issue of Polixenes :  
Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Paul.* It is yours ;  
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the  
valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his  
smiles ;  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger :—  
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast  
made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow in't ; lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's !

*Leon.* A gross hag !—  
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.  
*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll have thee burn'd.

*Paul.* I care not :

It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something  
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be  
gone.

Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove  
send her

A better guiding spirit !—What need these  
hands ?—

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so :—farewell ; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to  
this.—

My child ! away with't !—even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consumed with fire :  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up  
straight :

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.*

I did not, sir :

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*I Lord.* We can :—my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You are liars all.

*I Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better  
credit ;  
We have always truly served you ; and beseech  
you

So to esteem of us : and on our knees we beg,  
(As recompense of our dear services,  
Past, and to come,) that you do change this  
purpose ;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that  
blows :—

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father ? Better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :  
It shall not neither. [*To ANTIGONUS.*] You, sir,  
come you hither ;

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,  
To save this bastard's life :—for't is a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's gray,—what will you ad-  
venture

To save this brat's life ?

*Ant.* Anything, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much,—  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent : anything possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leon.* Mark, and perform it ; (see'st thou ?)  
for the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife ;  
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection,  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—  
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—  
That thou commend it strangely to some place  
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present death  
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require ! and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !

*[Exit, with the Child.]*

*Leon.* No, I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

*I Attend.* Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

*I Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent : 'tis good speed ; foretells

The great Apollo suddenly will have  
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;  
 Summon a session, that we may arraign  
 Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath  
 Been publicly accused, so shall she have  
 A just and open trial. While she lives,  
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;  
 And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Street.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleomenes.

THE climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
 Fertile the isle ; the temple much sur-
 passing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
 (Methinks I so should term them,) and the reve-
 rence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i' the offering !

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
 And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so !—

As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business : when the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses :—

And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear, properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart : the party tried,
The daughter of a king ; our wife ; and one
Of us too much beloved.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice ; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence !

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [reads.] *Hermione*, queen to the worthy *Leontes*, king of *Sicilia*, thou art here accused and arraigned of

high treason, in committing adultery with *Polixenes*, king of *Bohemia*; and conspiring with *Camillo* to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, *Hermione*, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot
me

To say, *Not guilty*; mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for
honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd, to appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or, in act or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry *Fie!* upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accused,) I do confess,
I loved him, as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend ; whose love had
spoke

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
And, why he left your court, the gods them-
selves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not :

My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams ;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all
shame,

(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth ;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails : for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went : my second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious : my third
comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred,
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion :—lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—no life,
I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,

But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have
brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo., Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [reads.] *Hermione* is chaste, *Polixenes* blameless,
Camillo a true subject, *Leontes* a jealous tyrant, his
innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live
without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Offi. Ay, my lord ; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle :
 ¶ The sessions shall proceed : this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it :
 The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
 Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How ! gone ?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*]

How now there ?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—

Look down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence :

Her heart is but o'ercharged ; she will recover.—

I have too much believed mine own suspicion :

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAUL and Ladies with HERM.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;

New woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes : which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death, and
 with

The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's
 past help,
Should be past grief : do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou did speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much
 better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near
the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Babe ; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear

We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get
aboard ;
Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
To far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe :—
I have heard, (but not believed,) the spirits of
the dead.

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me ;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,

*I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—*and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!—

[Laying down the Child.]

There lie; and there thy character: there these;—

[Laying down a bundle.]

Which may, if Fortune please both breed thee,
pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more—thou'rt like to
have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. *[Exit, pursued by a Bear.]*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there was no age between ten
and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep
out the rest: for there is nothing in the between
but getting wenches with child, wronging the

ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point! O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,—to

see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone ; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship :—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it :—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them ;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now ; I have not winked since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman ; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man !

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her ; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself ; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee ; look thee, a bearing cloth for a squire's child ! look thee here ! take up, take up, boy ; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies ; this is some changeling :—open't. What's within, boy ?

Clo. You're a made old man ; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold !

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so : up with it, keep it close ; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go :—come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings ; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentle-

man, and how much he hath eaten : they are never curst, but when they are hungry : if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time.

I, THAT please some, try all,—both joy
and terror
Of good and bad,—that make, and unfold error,—

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received : I witness to
The times that brought them in : so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning ; and make
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale

Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
 daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. *[Exit.*

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace
of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now : the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done : which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more : whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel, my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown : but I have, missingly, noted he is of late much retired from court ; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence :—that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence : but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place : where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo !—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay :
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time,
wore three-pile : but now I am out of service :

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night :
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget ;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets ; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus ; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles. With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison ; and my revenue is the silly cheat : gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway : beating, and hanging, are terrors to me ; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize ! a prize !

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see :—every 'leven wether—todds ; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling : fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to ?

Aut. [*aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see ; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? *Three pound of sugar ; five pound of currants ; rice.*—What will this sister of mine do with rice ? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers : three-man songmen all, and very good ones ; but they are most of them means and bases : but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*,

to colour the warden pies ; *mace*,—*dates*,—none ; that's out of my note : *nutmegs*, *seven* ; *a race or two of ginger* ; but that I may beg ;—*four pound of prunes*, and as many of *raisins o' the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born !

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me,——

Aut. O, help me, help me ! pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death !

Clo. Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received ; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man ?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee ; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him.*]

Aut. O ! good sir, tenderly, oh !

Clo. Alas, poor soul !

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir : I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now ? canst stand ?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*] ; good sir, softly ; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir : I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or anything I want : offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames : I knew him once a servant of the prince ; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him ! Prig, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter ; I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I

can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir !—[*Exit Clown.*]
—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue !

[*Sings.*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* *A Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per.

Sir, my gracious lord,

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me ;

O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,

The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
 Digest it with a custom, I should blush
 To see you so attired ; swoon, I think,
 To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
 When my good falcon made her flight across
 Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
 To me, the difference forges dread ; your great-
 ness

Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
 To think, your father, by some accident,
 Should pass this way, as you did : O, the fates !
 How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
 Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how
 Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
 The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
 Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-robed god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now : their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;
 Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
 Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king ;
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak ; that you must change
 this purpose,
 Or I my life.

These unknown friends to us welcome : for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present your-
self

That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come
on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*to* POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome !

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.—[*To* CAMILLO.]

You're welcome, sir !—

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,

(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,

There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,

But nature makes that mean : so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race : this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather :
but

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put

The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age : you are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now,
my fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might

Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing :—O, Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st
fall

From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! Oh ! these I
lack,

To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ! like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play
on ;

Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : each your doing,
So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or
seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth,
she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up. *[Music.]*

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is
this

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding : but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter ;

I think so too : for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does anything ; though I report it,

That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he shall come in : I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves : he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings* : *jump her and thump her* ; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean

mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes. *[Exit Servant.]*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being en-

thralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle of these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money ?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, a'-life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true ; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter ; and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by : and let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her : the ballad is very pítiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too : another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one : and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man* : there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it ; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it ; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear ; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part ; you must know, 'tis my occupation : have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go ;
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither?

M. O, whither?

D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither.

D. What, neither?

A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. [*aside.*] And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOL., DORCAS, and MOPSA.]

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gam-

bols, because they are not in't ; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away ! we'll none on't ; here has been too much homely foolery already :—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us : pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king ; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating : since these good men are pleased, let them come in ; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd ?

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was
young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks : I would have
ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance ; you have let him go,
And nothing mated with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are :
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and
lock'd

Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved : I take thy hand ; this
hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before !—I have put you out :—
But to your protestation ; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men ; the earth, the heavens, and
all :—

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and know-
ledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize
them,

Without her love : for her, employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ser-
vice,

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
more;

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good
reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to
grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base
To be acknowledged : thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheephook !—Thou old
traitor.

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh
piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with ;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as
never

I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this
time.

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-
ment.

Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. [Exit.]

Per. Even here undone !

I was not much afraid : for once, or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—[To FLORIZEL.] Will't please
you, sir, be gone ?

I told you what would come of this: 'beseech you,

Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father !

Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know.—[To FLO-
RIZEL.] O, sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay
me

Where no priest shovels in dust.—[*To PERDITA.*]
O cursèd wretch !

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone ! undone !
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd : what I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking back ; not follow-
ing

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper : at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him ;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo ?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be
thus ?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known ?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith : and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within ! Lift up thy looks :

From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved : therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.

[*Takes her aside.*]

[*To CAMILLO.*] I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight : now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn ;

Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. *[Going.]*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved : it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness ; where you may
Enjoy your mistress ; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend ! your ruin :) marry her ;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia ;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down :

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most
certain,

To miseries enough : no hope to help you :
 But, as you shake off one, to take another :
 Nothing so certain as your anchors ; who
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you
 Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
 Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
 Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
 I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
 But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
 There shall not, at your father's house, these
 seven years,
 Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
 She is as forward of her breeding, as
 She is i' the rear of our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
 She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
 To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this :
 I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita !—
 But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
 Preserver of my father, now of me ;
 The medicine of our house !—how shall we do ?
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
 Nor shall appear such in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
 Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes
 Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
 To have you royally appointed, as if
 The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
 That you may know you shall not want,—one
 word.

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting ; they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses : and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAM., FLO., and PER. come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here ?—
[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. [*aside.*] If they have overheard me now,
—why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow ? why shakest
thou so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm in-
tended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will
steal that from thee : yet, for the outside of thy
poverty we must make an exchange : therefore,
discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's
a necessity in 't,) and change garments with this
gentleman : though the pennyworth, on his side,
be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

[*Giving money.*]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir :—[*aside.*] I know
ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch : the gentleman
is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ?—[*aside.*] I smell
the trick on 't.—

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you !—you must retire yourself
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;
Dismantle you ; and, as you can, disliken

The truth of your own seeming ; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat :
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot !
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. [*aside.*] What I do next shall be, to
tell the king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after ; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia ; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us !—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt FLO., PER., and CAM.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : to
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble
hand, is necessary for a cutpurse ; a good nose
is requisite also, to smell out work for the other
senses. I see this is the time that the unjust
man doth thrive. What an exchange had this
been, without boot ! what a boot is here, with
this exchange ! Sure, the gods do this year
connive at us, and we may do anything *extem-
pore*. The prince himself is about a piece of
iniquity ; stealing away from his father, with his

clog at his heels : if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it : and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside ;—here is more matter for a hot brain : every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see ; what a man you are now ! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her ; those secret things, all but what she has with her : this being done, let the law go whistle ; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word ; yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*aside.*] Very wisely ; puppies !

Shep. Well ; let us to the king ; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance :—let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics ? whither are you bound ?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there ; what ; with whom ; the condition of that fardel ; the place of your dwelling ; your names ; your ages ; of what having, breeding ; and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie ; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie : but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings ? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court ? receives not thy nose court-odour from me ? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt ? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier ? I am courtier cap-a-pè ; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him ?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant ; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men !

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical : a great man, I'll warrant ; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there ? what's i' the fardel ?
Wherefore that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir ?

Aut. The king is not at the palace : he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself : for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir ; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly ; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir ?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter ; but those

that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the

business for us, here is that gold I have : I'll make it as much more ; and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised ?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business ?

Clo. In some sort, sir : but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son :—hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort : we must to the king, and show our strange sights : he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister ; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king con-

cerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them ; there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make

Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down

More penitence, than done trespass : at the last, Do as the heavens have done ; forget your evil ; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon.

Whilst I remember

Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them ; and so still think of The wrong I did myself : which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul.

True, too true, my lord : If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. *Kill'd!*
She I *kill'd!* I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady ;
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well ?
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,

And all eyes else dead coals !—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina : so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to
his oath,—

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye ;—

Cleo. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
sir,

No remedy but you will ; give me the office
To choose you a queen ; she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Flo-
rizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us

'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I
think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a
woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis
strange,

[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince

(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come. —

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you : were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
And your fair princess, goddess ! — O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother : and, 'but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seized

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
his

Measured to lock upon you ; whom he loves

(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee
stir

Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely-kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness !—Welcome hither ;
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains ; much less
The adventure of her person.

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and loved ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin :
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father's blest

(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
 That which I shall report will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself by me :
 Desires you to attach his son ; who has
 (His dignity and duty both cast off)
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from
 him :

I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message. To your court
 Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
 Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
 Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge ;
 He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who
 now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the
 earth ;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak :

**Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.**

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty : and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up :
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our love's.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—[*To FLORIZEL.*]

But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my
lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation ?

I Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel ;
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness,
we were all commanded out of the chamber ;
only this, methought I heard the shepherd say,
he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of
it.

I Gent. I make a broken delivery of the busi-
ness.—But the changes I perceived in the king
and Camillo were very notes of admiration : they
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to
tear the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in
their dumbness, language in their very gesture ;
they looked as they had heard of a world ran-
somed, or one destroyed : a notable passion of
wonder appeared in them : but the wisest be-
holder, that knew no more but seeing, could not
say if the importance were joy or sorrow ; but
in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by

favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter ; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother !* then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her ; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child ?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still ; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear : this avouches the shepherd's son ; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers ?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death ; and in the view of the shepherd : so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband ; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled : she lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter ; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears ; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court ?

3 *Gent.* No : the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano ; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer : thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access ? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what ; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me ; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy ; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born : see you these clothes ? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born : you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie ; do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have :—but I was a gentleman born before my father : for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother ; and

then the two kings called my father, brother ; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father ; and so we wept : and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay ; or else 'twere hard luck ; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son ?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend :—and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : if I do not wonder how thou dardest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred,

are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee !

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services You have paid home : but that you have vouchsafed,

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit ;

It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O, Paulina, We honour you with trouble : but we came To see the statue of our queen : your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities ; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever

Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder. But yet speak ;—first, you, my
liege.

Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !—
Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes
her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd
her !

I am ashamed : does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ?—O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave ;
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience :
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid
on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest
your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al-
ready—

What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;

**My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.**

Leon.

O, sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you : but

I could afflict you further.

Leon.

Do, Paulina :

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me.

For I will kiss her.

Paul.

Good my lord, forbear :

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per.

So long could I

Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul.

Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll
think.

(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon.

What you can make her do,

I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul.

It is required

You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still :
Or, those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music ; awake her : strike.—
[*Music.*

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs ;

[*HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.*

Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
When she was young you woo'd her ; now, in
age,

Is she become the suitor !

Leon. O, she's warm !

[*Embracing her.*

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has
lived,

Or, how stolen from the dead !

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PER., who kneels to HER.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserved
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and
honesty,

Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—

What?—Look upon my brother:—both your
pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd : hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*]

